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Vol. CXLI
No. 1837

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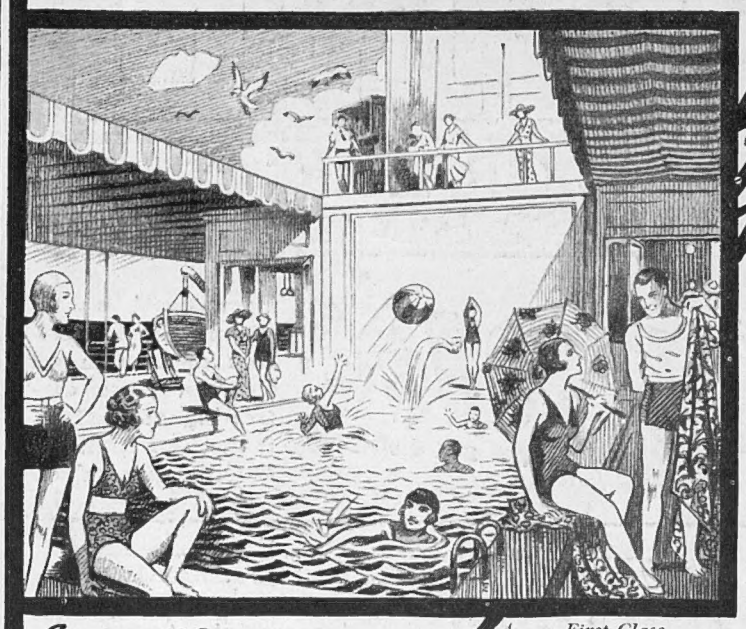

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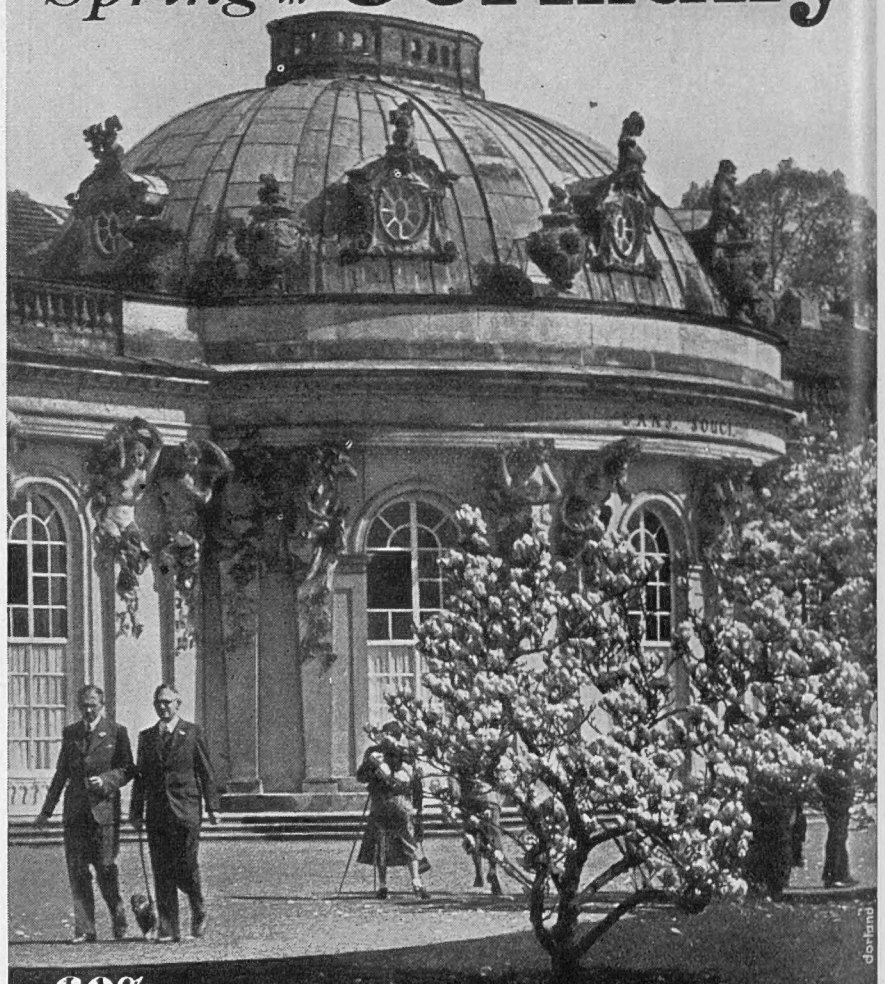
P.A.42A

Spring in Germany



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THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 6, 1935

The Lord Privy Seal in Moscow

Mr. Anthony Eden, the first British Statesman to Pay an Official Visit to Russia since the Revolution

After leaving Berlin, where he had taken part in the abortive conversations with Chancellor Hitler, Mr. Anthony Eden journeyed on to Russia for the purpose of exchanging views with the leading members of the Soviet Government and of discussing with them the proposal for further international collaboration in the interests of peace. The Lord Privy Seal is seen in this picture being escorted by Lord Chilston (left), British Ambassador, and M. Litvinoff (right), Soviet Foreign Minister, along the platform of Moscow Station which had been copiously adorned with Union Jacks in honour of the occasion. Mr. Eden was given a great reception in the Russian capital, and during his four days' stay carried out an extensive programme, ranging from political talks and diplomatic dinners to visits to the theatre and to the principal places of interest in and around the city. While it is difficult at this stage to estimate the full importance of the discussions, one thing at least has been made abundantly clear by M. Stalin, namely, that Russia not only wishes to be on the friendliest terms with Britain, but regards the Empire, capitalist stronghold though it may be, as the outstanding steadying influence in the world to-day. It may be deduced that this friendly statement was actuated by a desire for improved economic relations, but, even so, it can be regarded with satisfaction in that it shows the Soviet Dictator to be more interested in trade than in red propaganda

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THE VICEROY: Sir William Reid Dick with his recently completed statue of Lord Willingdon, which is to be sent out to India. The sculptor, who was elected R.A. in 1928, has been responsible for many notable works during the past few years, including the R.A.F. memorial in London, the Lion of the Menin Gate at Ypres, and the equestrian groups on Unilever House, Blackfriars

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 3, 1935.

DUTY WELL DONE.—

Some weeks back I anticipated the welcome accorded to the Duke of Gloucester by England and the City of London with a reasoned appreciation of the excellent services he has rendered to the cause of Empire unity in the past eight months of his Australia and Empire tour. I will not repeat, beyond stressing once more the tremendous strenuousness of a great part of the official programme, especially in Australia. The agenda, sometimes, are almost merciless, as many of the Royal Family remember. It is inevitable, no doubt, since in the outposts of Empire every interest, however remote, demands as of right its share of notice and its chance to make contact with the King's ambassador and son. The Duke allowed neither illness nor accident nor inclination to interfere with the fixed programmes, and showed a smiling face, which reflected a genuine keenness, interest, and sympathy of heart, on every occasion. As a good mixer, a good fellow, and a thorough sportsman he pleased wherever he went. And he went wide—to Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand, the Pacific Isles, the West Indies, and many other places. When autumn comes the Duke will have been carrying on his shoulders the burdens and responsibilities of the Jubilee—which fall heavily on the Royal Family—for a full year. What a wealth of experience of Empire the Royal House now has. The sum of their experience includes first-hand information of almost every village in the Empire, of the last shacks in Ultima Thule. The King has been twice to India; his *Ophir* tour covered the Duke of Gloucester's late tour and a great part of the outer world beside. The Queen is as widely travelled as the King. The Prince of Wales has been almost everywhere. The Duke and Duchess of York can compare notes with the Duke of Gloucester on outlying parts of the Empire down-under and the Duke of Kent is now an authority on the West Indies imprimis and many other places. If the Royal Family took over the work of the Dominions and Colonial Departments, they would need no expert advisers to assist them save in the office routine. Our Royal House is a "learned profession" which yields to no other in the strenuousness and severity of its qualification tests. The symbol of Empire is firmly based on experience cemented with infinite hard work and goodwill.

CANADA'S NEXT G.-G.—

So far as I am aware, no official intimation had been given out that Lord Bessborough would this autumn finish his term as Governor-General of Canada, when the announcement of his successor was made in *The Times* on March 27. But that announcement would have been strangely premature if Lord Bessborough had not made the request that he might lay down his office at the very appropriate juncture of the autumn of 1935. The widely-held notion that the Governor-General's "term" is fixed at five years is entirely erroneous. There is no "term." There is nothing whatever in print to indicate the length of the appointment. An analysis of the various "terms" of past G.-Gs. shows a wide fluctuation, the matter being one purely of convenience between the King, the G.-G., and the Canadian Government. The General Election, with the probability of a new regime in Canada, logically rounds off Lord Bessborough's term of service. The informality of the appointment is superbly British. Mr. John Buchan is to succeed him. It is an interesting and a not unexpected appointment. Mr. Buchan is fifty-nine, and did not enter politics in his first youth. After writing a few books and being called to the Bar, he joined the "kindergarten" as private secretary to Lord Milner when High Commissioner for South Africa. Then he became publisher (Nelson's), and during the War a staff officer and Director of Information. His first book was published when he was twenty. Ever since then, however busy with public affairs, he has turned out a spate of books, novels of adventure on the Stevenson pattern, biographies, histories, treatises on political economy; the lighter books being often written as an after-dinner diversion or in the train. It was his experience of South Africa (*Prester John*) and not the War (*The Thirty-nine Steps*) which was the Waverley of his great output of adventure novels. As a writer of this genre he has never attained the highest level; perhaps his facility and power of work militated against complete success. But his biographies—Montrose, Cromwell, etc.—are more enduring works. In a fairly short career in politics, he achieved a dignified eminence swiftly. He has sat for the Scottish Universities since 1927. He is the first commoner to be appointed Governor-General of Canada, but it does not follow that he will be the first commoner to enter Canada as Governor-General. On the other hand, he is still quite young, ambitious and full of energy and he has seen the careers of one or two of his contemporaries (politicians and ex-Governors) somewhat blighted by the acceptance of a peerage, and it may be he will prefer to establish that new record and remain for a time a commoner. But I expect he will accept a peerage, albeit Canada cannot with consistency express disappointment at the selection of a "plain mister"; and Mr. Buchan's genial humanity and Scottish virtues should appeal to her. He was a success in Edinburgh as High Commissioner in 1933 and '34.

THE CRITICS: The selection committee engaged in the task of choosing and rejecting pictures submitted for the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh. Seated fourth from the left is Mr. George Pirie, [illegible]

THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY.—

Certainly when all the ministers now on missions have returned to their homes and placed at the disposal of their Governments the information secured from those "free discussions," there will be plenty of material to collate and to work on. But I cannot believe that the air will become much clearer than it was when Sir John Simon parted with Hitler. There was indeed something almost pitiful in the courageous optimism of that announcement to the waiting journalists of the usefulness of the conversations, an optimism which the Sobersides of British journalism echoed. We must never suggest that the bad old methods of diplomacy have come back again. We must indeed christen the world's stormiest sea "Pacific" while we endeavour to keep our powder dry, and certainly there is nothing of the "old diplomacy" in the outward guise of such conversations as recently took place in Berlin. That photograph group remains burnt in my memory. The shrewd, British lawyer turned diplomatist; by his side, in sponge-bag trousers and wearing the air of the old régime of British diplomacy, the courteous, polished Mr. Eden, and facing them, in his patent Nazi uniform, the ex-housepainter with his lamentable moustache, crashing his way across the Dresden china-shop of polite diplomacy with his frightful demands, commands, dictations, to Europe, his *faits accomplis* and his threats. Crash went all the dainty shepherdesses of conventional diplomacy. Up went the bristles of the watching beasts of Europe; away flew the faint and elusive hopes of a millennium in our time. Truly said Sir John to the waiting journalist, that the conversations had "made for a clarification of views." It was the only chance those conversations gave him to employ the "language of diplomacy." Then the scene shifted to Moscow, the headquarters of Communism and the mausoleum of the great days of Autocracy and Privilege. And what do we see? Mr. Eden received with some semblance of the ancient brilliance of Imperial Courts and of the polish of Diplomacy in old days. All very surprising. *Auri sacra fames* (commercial necessity), *quo non mortalia pectora cogis?*

"SPEAK TO THE EARTH."

—It is no part of my normal duties as a newsletter writer to review current literature. But sometimes a new book is "topical," and I refer to it, and once in a way a new book is in my view an important item in the week's news, and then I like to try my hand at a review of it (and I do the business ill). Vivienne de Watteville's *Speak to the Earth* (a first-rate title) is in my opinion such a book. In private life she is Mrs. Gerard Goschen, and many people will remember her earlier book, *Out of the Blue*, that record of pluck and

endurance, so modestly told, and of adventure on safari so brilliantly observed. The "travel" book to-day is all the rage, and small wonder since it is our fate to live in queues, and our policy to suburbanize all that is left of our heritage of natural beauty and peace. Some of the travel books are just journalism, egotistical or impudent, and hasty of course. Very few of them increase the select roll of permanent travel-literature of the kind supplied by Doughty and Kinglake. As for the records of game-hunters, too often they descend to mere statistics of trophies. *Speak to the Earth* belongs to a nobler category, and unless I am wrong, to the literature of travel which endures. Miss de Watteville set out alone to the Tanganyika border with two aims in view; to find in solitude that unity with Nature and that peace of mind which might give her permanently the power to detach her mind at will from the fitful fevers of communal existence; and to make friends with the creatures of the wild, tracking them down with no weapon more harmful than a camera, and with no object more fell than to increase her knowledge of their habits. This record of hers is a happy blending of a woman's philosophy, of natural history and of adventure, escapes, and endurance. She writes with so much humility that the depth of her philosophic thought comes often as a surprising revelation, and with such simplicity and lucidity that the beauty of her descriptive passages is fully brought out, but never underlined. There are no purple patches in her book; instead there are passages of sheer beauty that come in regular sequence, and appear as corner stones in an edifice planned and built up with patience and serenity. This book was not written hastily. It was done in humility, not without dust and heat, and with that infinite capacity for taking pains without which there is no genius.

with symbols brighter than words: 'You are not a stranger walking the earth to clutch at this friendship or that to be comforted. As surely as you will return to me at last, so surely while you live am I interwoven with every fibre. You are never lost or alone so long as you can claim kinship with everything that is.'" And lastly, of the thorn tree which had sheltered her in one of her camps at Selangai: "Sometimes the moon beams fell through and played softly among the embers; the song of crickets and the oft-repeated note of a little owl wove themselves into the silver texture of the silence. Long after camp was still, and the sleepy moonshine had cast its spell over the glade, I would sit between the roots of the tree and, forgetful of time, drink in the infinite beauty of the night." These few passages from very many indicate the philosophy of her book, and reveal a true picture of the African solitudes. She went through fire and water and was brought out into that wealthy place to which only those who are brave, resolute and determined in our modern civilisation can attain. It is theirs to compass that compassion for all living things which is "the love whose feet shall outrun Time." I have said very little, but enough to suggest that *Speak to the Earth*, which Methuens publish, is a book to buy; and to justify my defence that its publication is a "news-item" of the week. For it is in truth a book of beauty, built up on true religion, wisdom, and philosophy; knowledge, humility and restraint; love of Nature, art, letters and life. And such books stand out and stand fast in the fretful, changing seas of contemporary literature.

ex ibition at the esid nt

THE END OF A GREAT ADVENTURE: Mr. H. L. Brook, the Harrogate airman, photographed in front of the Miles Falcon 'plane in which he made his record-breaking solo flight from Port Darwin, Australia, to Lympne, England, in 7 days, 19 hours, 50 minutes. This time was over 13 hours better than that set up by Mr. C. J. Melrose in September last, and the feat is particularly remarkable in view of the pilot's limited experience

A TASTE OF BEAUTY.—I have small space for quotation; some I cannot resist: "To be compelled to plunge through a great deal alone was inevitable, for it is the only way of learning; but in that moment came the assurance that I should never be left to my own mercy beyond what I could endure." And again: "One evening I could not help exclaiming in wonder to find the nest (a partridge's) had still escaped, though the cattle had trampled there all day, but Mohammed (one of her boys) answered with naïve simplicity, 'For every creature, God is there.'" And: "With infinite and loving patience Nature reassured me over and over again

SIDELIGHTS OF THE SILVER JUBILEE.—First as to bunting. The Office of Works was suddenly forced to cut down the dimensions of London's Jubilee Suit, because the supplies of cloth (i.e., bunting) were not to be had except at the price of cloth of gold. Rumour—that lying jade—has it that months ago that shrewd element in our commercial world (which always looks ahead and leaves the Anglo-Saxon panting in the rear) cornered the visible supplies of bunting so as to hold up the revellers, whether Government officials or private buyers. So Daddy's gone a-hunting bunting in vain! There is comedy in this rumour, anyway. But the cornering of bunting seems to me to have given an impetus to a large-scale Jubilee profiteering. Whether it be profiteering by the London clubs or by the contractors they are employing for the erection of stands I do not know, but I must say that the prices which the clubs are asking for club-positions to view the procession are inordinately high. Four guineas for coffee, luncheon, and a seat is a hold-up price for a club to ask. It has no rent of premises to cover; its staff, kitchens, crockery, and plate are all in position. The meals served could not account for 7s. per head. And it is seriously put forward that the contractors cannot run up a stand attached to the club walls for a lower figure than £3 17s. per yard space (to accommodate one individual). The figure seems to me to be inexplicably high. Not that the price deters the club-men. Most of the available club seats could be sold twice over, so that I dare say my mild protest will leave every reader cold. It is no doubt an occasion for generosity and perhaps it matters not into whose pockets the golden shower falls provided it benefits unemployment. But it smacks of capitalism, none the less. And what, I should like to know, would be the "legal" position if a member of a West End club insisted on exercising his undoubted right to frequent his club and to look out of the windows without making any special payment?

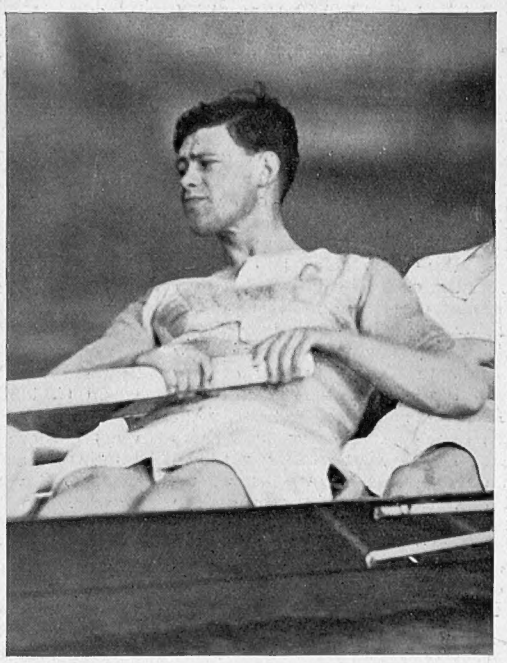
DANCING WITH THE DAFFODILS.—A few days of June weather in mid-March completed the transformation of London (which I had promised) into a dream city. The daffodils burst out all over the parks and gardens, most notably in Victoria Tower Garden, where a display of thousands of British-grown "Bath's-Flames" supplied by British firms is quite intoxicating. Another fine display is near the Guards' Memorial. These daffodil fields in London are well worth a reference in the Press, for they illustrate two notable achievements in post-War England—the capture by Britain from Holland of the bulb trade and the humanised and liberal policy and taste of the authorities which control London's open spaces. More daffodil bulbs are grown in Britain to-day than in Holland. Such bulb fields (of all varieties of spring flowers) as those of Lincolnshire are quite as well worth visiting as the famous Haarlem fields. And as for the London parks and gardens, if one remembers their appearance in Victorian and even Edwardian days (as I do clearly), one is very pleasantly struck by the outstanding contrast provided to-day. Even those snob-bound, dismal shrubberies—the square gardens—have let in light and colour to delight the eyes of a much larger than the privileged class, and the various parks depend for their colour and warmth and beauty on flowers instead of dress fashions, a far more satisfying, enduring, and dependable amenity even when (as now and onwards) the debutantes blush (if blush they still can) in the Mall queues, and gay uniforms give back to St. James's that brilliance which in 1835 was its normal perquisite.

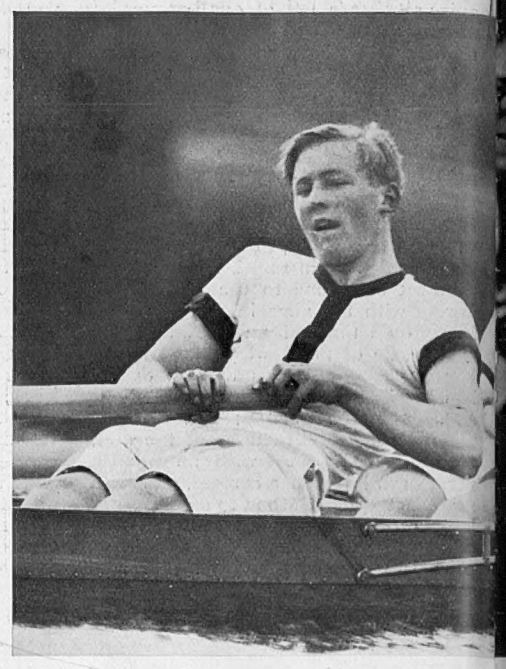
THE OLD STAGER

PREPARING FOR A SILVER JUBILEE EVENT: Erecting and painting the scenery in the moat of the Tower of London in readiness for the pageant, depicting the history of the famous fortress, which is to be held there from May 25 to June 8

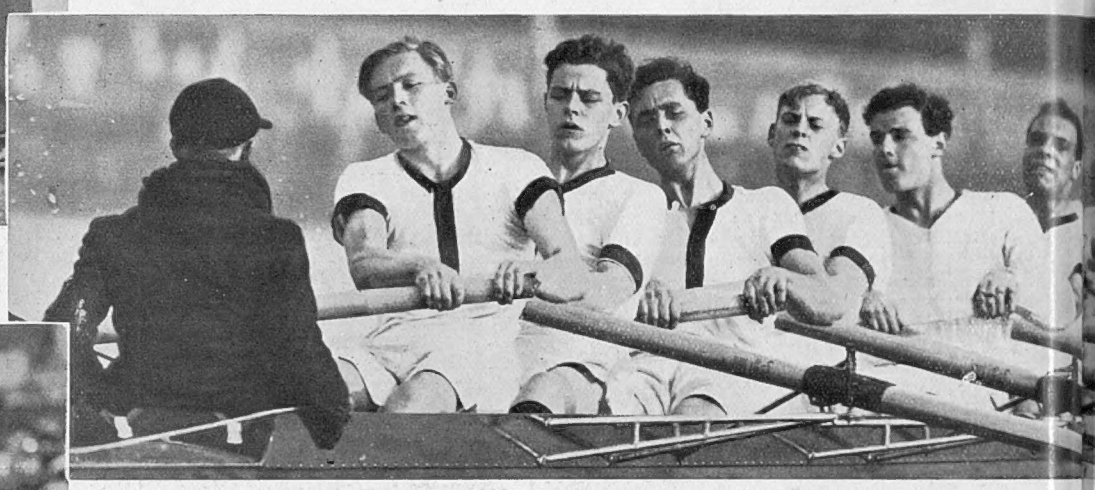
PASSING PAGEANT

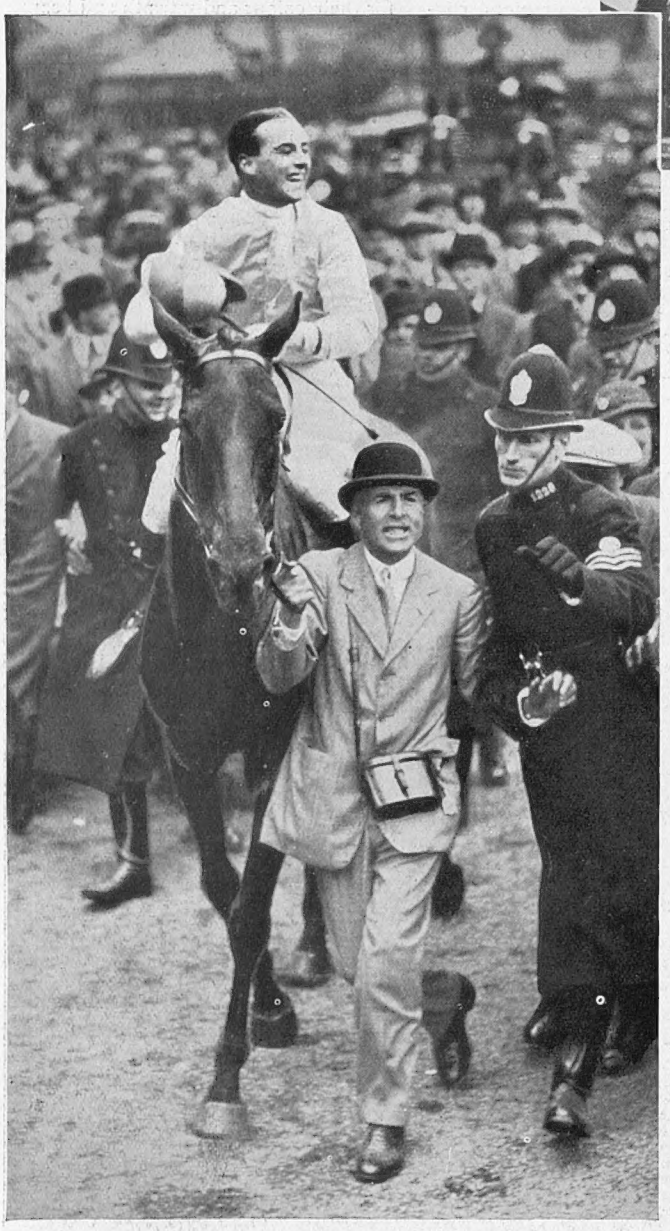
A LAST WORD OF ADVICE: J. N. Duckworth, cox of the Cambridge boatrace crew, receiving instructions from Ted Phelps, the well-known oarsman, before the light blues rowed a full-course trial



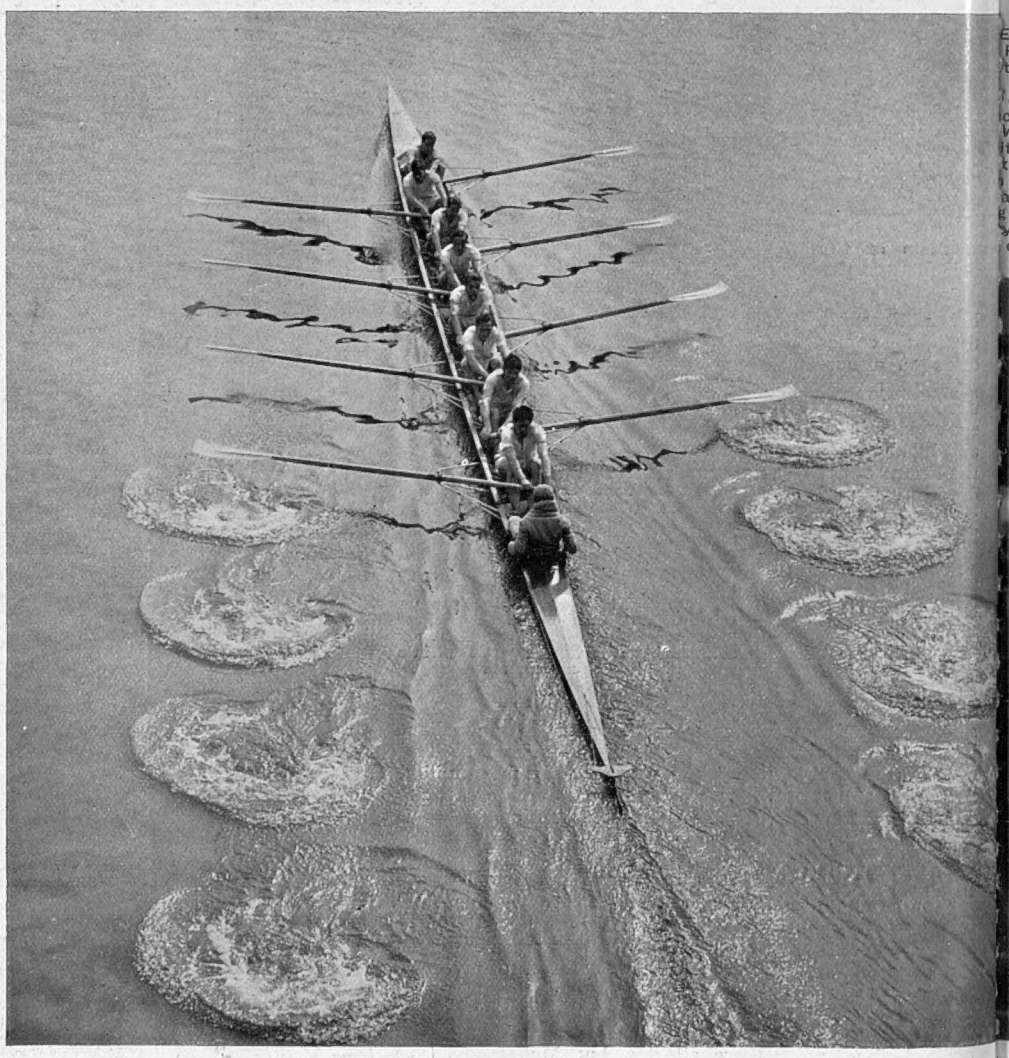


ALL OUT: Studies in expression provided by rival members of the 'varsity crews when practising on the tideway. *Left*—W. G. R. M. Laurie (Monkton Combe & Selwyn) who strokes the Cambridge boat, and (*right*) D. M. de R. Winser (Winchester and Corpus Christi) who now rows No. 2 for Oxford, having been replaced at stroke by A. V. Sutcliffe





A FAMILY SUCCESS: Major N. Furlong, owner and trainer, leading in Reynoldstown through a throng of admirers after its victory in the Grand National at Aintree last week. The horse, which started at the long odds of 22—1, was ridden admirably by Mr. F. Furlong, the owner's son



EIGHT OARS THAT DIP AS ONE: The Cambridge crew in action. The order of rowing is as follows: T. R. M. Bristow (Dulwich and Pembroke) (bow), (2) E. A. Szilagyi (St. Paul's and Jesus), (3) A. D. Kingsford (Uppingham and Pembroke), (4) J. H. C. Powell (Eton and Third Trinity), (5) D. G. Kingsford (Uppingham and Pembroke), (6) M. P. Lonnon (Westminster and Third Trinity), (7) J. H. T. Wilson (Shrewsbury and Pembroke), W. G. R. M. Laurie (Monkton Combe and Selwyn) (stroke)

EFEAT OF A HUMANITARIAN: Señor Lerroux, the Spanish Premier, surrounded by reporters after his Cabinet had resigned as a result of the refusal of five ministers to agree to the reprieve of certain political prisoners

Members of the French Society of Military Equitation giving a display at the Paris Horse Show

MUSICAL RIDE

ELL TOGETH-R: A fine ction picture the Oxford ew which, cording to veral of the itics, has an cellent ance this ar of break-g the univer-y's long run of failures

ANOTHER AERIAL TRAGEDY IN THE BEAUVAIS DISTRICT: The wreckage of the Le Bourget-Croydon night mail, in which M. Robert Bajac, chief pilot of the Air France Company, crashed on Monday, and was so severely injured that he died soon after being admitted to hospital. The machine ran into thick fog, and apparently struck the ground when travelling at full speed

ANGLO-RUSSIAN CONVERSATIONS: Mr. Anthony Eden; M. Stalin; M. Molotoff; M. Maisky, Soviet Ambassador in London; Lord Chilston, British Ambassador in Moscow; and M. Litvinoff, Soviet Foreign Minister, seen during their recent meeting in Moscow to exchange views on the European situation and to discuss the possibilities of building up a system of collective security on the Continent

THE EXILE OF DOORN VENTURES FROM THE SECLUSION OF HIS HOME: The ex-Kaiser visiting a spring flower exhibition at Amsterdam. The former German Emperor, who now lives the life of a country gentleman, does not often leave his estate although, in spite of his advancing years, he is said to be in excellent health. He celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday in January

AFTERMATH OF REVOLUTION: A group of officers and civilians in the court at Athens, where they were being tried for having taken part in the recent Venizelist rising. Four of the men were acquitted, and the remaining twenty-four received sentences ranging from two years to life imprisonment. The judgment, which must be considered decidedly moderate, has been received with satisfaction throughout the country, the general opinion being that further bloodshed can serve no useful purpose

THE NEW FRANCO-MUSSULMAN HOSPITAL AT BOBIGNY, NEAR PARIS: The scene outside the building during the inauguration ceremony, which was attended by the Minister of Health and the Minister of the Interior

JEWRY CELEBRATES: Two oxen which took part in the recent carnival held in the streets of Tel-Aviv, Palestine, during the feast of Purim when the people commemorated their deliverance from the massacre plotted against them by Haman in the time of Artaxerxes

Left—TROUBLE IN HARLEM: Police guarding their prisoners on the day following a night of race rioting in New York's negro quarter, which resulted from an erroneous report being spread through the district that a coloured boy had been beaten to death for thieving. During the fighting eleven people were shot and several hundreds were injured

TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND

Huey Long, Upton Sinclair, and Dr. Townsend—A Trio of Much-Discussed Politicians Whose Extravagant Claims are, Strangely Enough, Receiving the Serious Attention of Many United States Citizens

P. T. BARNUM described his circus as "the greatest show on earth." There is so close a resemblance between Barnum's circus and the United States at the present time that it would not be improper to apply the same phrase to this country.

Foremost in the "congress of wonders" is "Kingfish" Huey Long, U.S. senator from Louisiana, who is once more in the limelight, this time in the role of the man who may bring about the defeat of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1936. Long, who recently promised that, if he were made president, he would give every family in the United States 3,000 dollars, has now raised that figure to 5,000 dollars. But Long is not alone.

There is the irrepressible William E. Borah, U.S. senator from Idaho, who has seriously suggested that the United States should intervene in Mexico in behalf of the Roman Catholic Church.

There is the redoubtable Upton Sinclair, who, having been denied the privilege of ending poverty in California, has proposed to extend the rejected blessing to the United States as a whole.

Then there is Dr. F. E. Townsend, who proposes to give everyone in the United States over sixty years old a pension of 200 dollars a month, provided only that (1) he does nothing to earn any money and has no income from any other source, (2) he spends all of the money in the United States, and (3) he spends all of each 200 dollars within one month. Picture the last day of each month, with all of the pensioned striving to spend their surviving balance, and government clerks trying to satisfy themselves that the money was spent.

One must not forget the American Legion, which wants a billion or so in cash and wants it at once, combined with preference for ex-soldiers in all jobs, both public and private.

Or the people who want the Government to start the printing presses to make money with which to retire all the Government bonds. One recalls that "Pancho" Villa also thought that printing presses could make money.

All of which might be passed off as buffoonery were it not for certain startling facts.

The first is that Huey Long may be a candidate for president in 1936, and that he may poll enough votes to prevent Roosevelt's re-election.

The second is that much of the proposed freak legislation as outlined in the foregoing paragraphs may be enacted over the president's veto, simply because Long and the advocates of such legislation may join forces to advance their several causes.

The possibility is all the greater because the Roosevelt administration has suffered serious setbacks recently which threaten to discredit it.

The first was the decision of the U.S. Supreme Court that gold bonds are payable in gold, but saving the Government's face for the time being by holding that it is not presently liable because no one has lost any money. That is a rather slender thread to hold a sword.

The second was an adverse decision by a federal court in the case of the Weirton Steel Company, holding unconstitutional section 7a of the National Recovery Act, which guarantees Labour the right to collective bargaining.

The third was another adverse Federal court decision, holding that the provisions enabling the Federal Government to market power from its Muscle Shoals project are unconstitutional.

Thus the administration has been attacked on the score of its monetary, labour, and public utilities policies; and a court action is now planned to attack the whole structure of the new deal. So that the administration is being attacked by radicals and conservatives at the same time.

Apart from whatever the future of the country may prove to be, if the Roosevelt administration is to have any relief, it will almost surely come from the conservatives, who until now have been its most vigorous opponents. The substantial business man and the big business man may find it necessary to accept at least a modified version of the Roosevelt programme in order to save himself from the consequences of a Huey Long programme.

The possibility that the business man will not find this necessary lies in the conjectural strength of the American Liberty League, with Alfred E. Smith, former governor of New York, and other prominent conservatives at its head.

If Long and Sinclair and other radicals can mobilize sufficient strength, and if congress should enact sufficient hare-brained legislation between now and November of next year, an American Liberty League candidate might sweep the field, and the United States would return to a familiarly conservative program.

The possibility that the opposite might prove to be true, that a Long or a Sinclair or some other such person, might prevail rests in the state of mind of the American people which led them in large numbers to applaud Long's recent fantastic speech over the radio.

Long proposed by a capital levy to expropriate sufficient wealth to pay every family's debts, to give it a 5,000 dollar home, an income of 2,500 dollars a year, a car, and a radio.

He promised free school books, professional and college training for every mentality capable of learning, a soldier's bonus, adequate care for all disabled veterans, and old-age pension of 1,000 dollars a year or 10,000 dollars in property.

This was being specific. But it wasn't clear how this new paradise was to be financed. Yet the American people gobbled it up; and Roosevelt and his New Dealers realize that Long has emerged a formidable foe.

The distressing features of the situation are, of course, first, that even a meagrely furnished mind ought to be able to realize at once that the promise is as impossible of fulfilment as it is absurd, and, second, that it has occurred to so few people who have toyed with the idea at all to perform the brief calculations necessary to convince themselves that neither Long nor anyone else could expropriate enough wealth to carry out such a programme.

If Long could enforce his proposed capital levy of 165,000,000,000 dollars, it would absorb more than one-half of the total wealth in the United States, which is estimated in the latest available figures as between 250,000,000,000 dollars and 300,000,000,000 dollars.

Furthermore, this wealth is divided in such a way that, if Long were to expropriate along the most clearly discernible lines of his admittedly nebulous programme, the most he would get would be about 15,000,000,000 dollars; and he would be confronted by the fact that much of this would exist in the form of securities. If he derived 6 per cent. annually from his expropriated funds, the most he could hope for with which to carry out his programme would be less than 1,000,000,000 dollars.

Now, according to Long, there are 22,375,000 people in the United States on relief. According to Relief Administrator Harry L. Hopkins there are 20,500,000. It is officially estimated that the average family on relief comprises about 4·5 persons. So, if Long's figures are accepted, he would have a minimum of 4,999,333 families with which to deal; and, if Hopkins' slightly lower figures are accepted, he would have a minimum of 4,555,550 families with which to deal.

It will be clear, however, that the families on relief are not the only ones who are so heavily burdened with debt that they cannot pay their bills, or manage even a reasonably decent standard of living even if they make no effort to pay their bills. But since the status of millions of financially embarrassed persons in this country is below the horizon of certainty, it is possible to confine estimates to the basic problem of families on relief, and still show, at least by inference, the monstrous absurdity of the proposal.

It would cost 22,777,775,000 dollars to give each of 444,444 families a 5,000 dollar home or 5,000 dollars cash. This would be many hundreds of thousands of dollars more than Long could hope to have to spend in any one year. But this would be the least serious of his proposed deficits.

It would cost 11,388,437,500 dollars a year to give the same families an annual income of 2,500 dollars a year which would pile up a deficit at the rate of 11,387,537,500 dollars a year.

All of this would have to be done after paying off everyone's total indebtedness, and the promised motor car, radio, and higher education would come in as extras.

It is doubtful whether an adolescent would propound such a programme in a purely academic debate. If he should venture to such extremes, it is doubtful whether any of the "leading citizens," selected as judges of the debate, would ever give him employment. And that is why some consideration of this puerility is important. It is actually being taken seriously in a land that has built up a reputation for considerable financial acumen.

Furthermore, it is being listened to from the lips of a man who has publicly disgraced himself in an especially humiliating and unforgivable manner. It is a fact that Huey Long is the loneliest man in the U.S. senate, and that his persistent effort to establish some sort of social contact with his colleagues is pathetic, even if the man has forfeited the right to sympathy. A "Huey-Long-

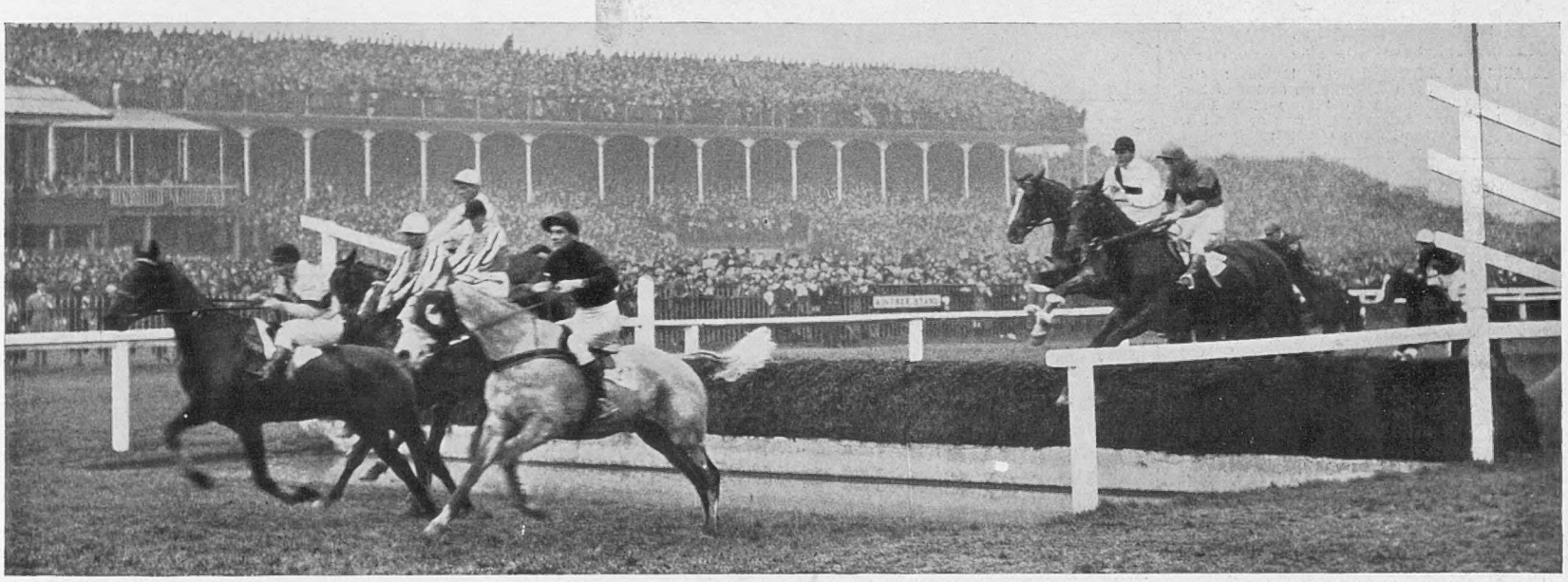
(Continued on p. 44)

Thrills and Spills at Aintree During the Running of Last Week's Grand National

THE CLASSIC OF STEEPLECHASING

How Major Furlong's Reynoldstown and Mr. Whitney's Thomond II Took the Final Jump

THE SUPREME TEST OF FITNESS: The field taking Becher's Brook on the first circuit of the course, when Miss Paget's Golden Miller was among the leaders and there still seemed every chance of his achieving the remarkable feat of winning the race for the second year in succession. The bookmakers were agreeably surprised and his multitudes of supporters received a severe shock, however, when the favourite's jockey, G. Wilson, was dislodged at the fence after Valentine's—thus leaving the way clear for one of the less fancied runners



AT THE END OF THE FIRST ROUND: Uncle Batt, Mr. H. B. Brandt's grey (nearest camera), landing after taking the water jump, at which point he was lying second. Lady Lindsay's Blue Prince, whose jockey can be distinguished by his dark diagonal sash and dark cap, is seen about to clear the obstacle. At the finish he was only three lengths behind the winner, and but for a slipped saddle it is conceivable that he might have won

DOWN AT THE FIRST FENCE: Three jockeys who came to grief during the inevitable melée at the start of the race. Of the twenty-seven runners only six finished the course; a fact which bears testimony to the nature of the jumps, which were reported to have been built more strongly than ever this year

FIGHTING OUT THE FINISH: Thomond II (nearest camera), ridden by W. Speck, and Reynoldstown, ridden by Mr. F. Furlong, taking the last fence together. On landing it seemed for a moment that Mr. Whitney's horse would win, but he failed to stay and the 22-1 chance Reynoldstown scored a meritorious victory by three lengths

PREFERMENT: Mr. Robert Birley, history master at Eton, who will succeed Mr. Frank Fletcher as headmaster of Charterhouse. He is one of the youngest men ever appointed to such a responsible position

JUBILEE CHARITY: Commander J. B. Adams (centre), who has been released from his duties in the Ministry of Labour in order to assume the secretaryship of the Trust which has been established in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the King's accession, and the funds of which will be used to assist existing juvenile organizations to increase facilities for physical recreation and the practice of hobbies. Commander Adams is seen in this picture in his office at St. James's Palace, and standing beside him are Rear-Admiral H. T. England (left) and Mr. G. H. Gaytor (right), who are assisting him in his work

A VISITOR FROM DOWN UNDER: Sir MacPherson Robertson, donor of the £10,000 prize in last year's Melbourne air race, who has arrived in England for a short holiday

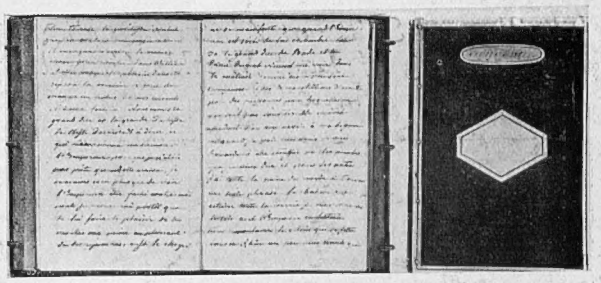
SENDING-IN DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: Mr. Alfred Bowker superintending the work of removing his picture to Burlington House for submission to the selection committee

GERMANY'S STAR TENOR: Richard Tauber singing at a Sunday concert at the Albert Hall. He received a tremendous ovation from the vast audience of 7,000

DANCING AT "THE BLUE TRAIN": Lady Plunket with the Earl of Warwick

THE FIRST OF HER KIND: The Rev. E. Barr who has the distinction of being the only woman minister of a Scottish Presbyterian church

MAKERS OF MELODY FOR THE MULTITUDE: An official of the Columbia Graphophone Company presenting Mr. Jeno Lener with a golden record to mark the sale of the millionth record made of the works of the famous Lener Quartette



A NOTABLE AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT: Two pages from the diary of the Empress Marie Louise, which is shortly to come up for sale. On the right is the silver-mounted cover

The Domestic Side of Napoleon's Life

Revealed in the Diary of Marie Louise

LAST December a small diary of the Empress Marie Louise was offered for sale at Messrs. Sotheby's. It proved to be a contemporary copy, but now the actual autograph manuscript of a portion of the diary is to be on sale on Monday, April 8. It contains the account of the Empress's journey to meet Napoleon at Mayence in August, 1813, written daily in the small book which still retains its original red boards mounted with silver. Her affection for her august husband is the dominant note of the entries, as is evident from the opening remarks: "C'est le 23 juillet que j'entrepris mon voyage à Mayence. Il n'y en eut jamais qui fut commencé aussi gaiement, l'idée de revoir l'Empereur après trois mois de séparation m'enchantait."

Those three months had been spent by Napoleon in Germany facing enormous difficulties. He found Europe showing an opposition more resolute than anything he had encountered before. The Allies had at last learnt the lesson that union was the one way to face the common enemy.

Napoleon was still strong, but his armies were largely composed of young lads, untrained to severe campaigning, and Wellington was driving the French out of Spain. Peace was essential but Napoleon would give way only on small details—and the terms of the Allies were firm. What the Emperor wanted was to gain time, so he agreed to a Peace Congress to meet in August at Prague, while his raw troops were training. It was during the Armistice before the Congress that he returned to Mayence to review the reserves that were gathering there, and had a few days to see his wife.

On the day of his expected arrival Marie Louise watched the road in vain till at last, worn out with fatigue, she went to bed.

"Tout le monde était si fatigué que lorsque l'Empereur arriva il traversa tous les salons où le page et mes femmes couchaient sans que personne ne l'entendit. Je n'essaierai pas de décrire toute la joie que j'éprouvais de le revoir, cela ne se laisse pas décrire, on ne peut que la sentir." It was a very short visit for by August 4 Napoleon was back at Dresden, and Marie Louise starts on her return journey, weeping some nights, she tells us, at the parting from the husband she had once dreaded.

This fascinating diary apparently passed into the hands of Corvisart, the personal physician of the Empress, who was high in the favour of Napoleon. He was also an intimate friend of the Duchesse de Montebello, the chief lady-in-waiting to the Empress, whose descendants are now offering the diary and other Napoleonic letters for sale. Dr. Corvisart, whom Napoleon trusted as being devoted to him, appears to have played a double part, for he undoubtedly kept Marie Louise from seeing her husband again at the time of the abdication; Napoleon begged her to come to Fontainebleau, but generously yielded to the consideration of her health which Corvisart insisted was in such a condition that it required an immediate visit to Aix. In one of the letters for sale he writes about this visit:

"Je vois avec bien du plaisir que Corvisart l'accompagne. Je lui en sais un gré infini; il justifie par cette noble conduite toute l'opinion que j'avais de lui."

This letter has a note at the top in Corvisart's handwriting stating that he had asked if he might have it because it contained a reference to himself.

Among the other letters is one from Marie Louise to Napoleon which has been kept in the pocket of the diary and which probably never reached Napoleon. There are also letters from Napoleon's mother and the Empress Josephine. They are full of interest, being informal, giving family details, and sending news about Napoleon. One from Marie Louise alludes to the Battle of Dresden, the last of Napoleon's great victories. She had just received the news and writes:

"J'en suis si contente que la tête m'entourne. J'espère que cette belle et brilliante victoire ramenera bientôt l'Empereur vers nous . . ."

These intimate letters and the diary bring the domestic side of Napoleon's life vividly before one, and definitely prove that while Marie Louise was in France, she undoubtedly loved Napoleon quite sincerely. Separated from him she was not strong enough to fight her relations and to insist upon a return to him.

B. H.

CHILDREN of DESTINY

A Page of Youthful Notabilities

HIS MAJESTY KING PETER II: The eleven-year-old Yugoslavian monarch who came to the throne under tragic circumstances last year when his father was assassinated in the streets of Marseilles. He is seen here in the uniform of the Sokol Association, a movement that aims at fostering the physical and mental powers of the nation's youth

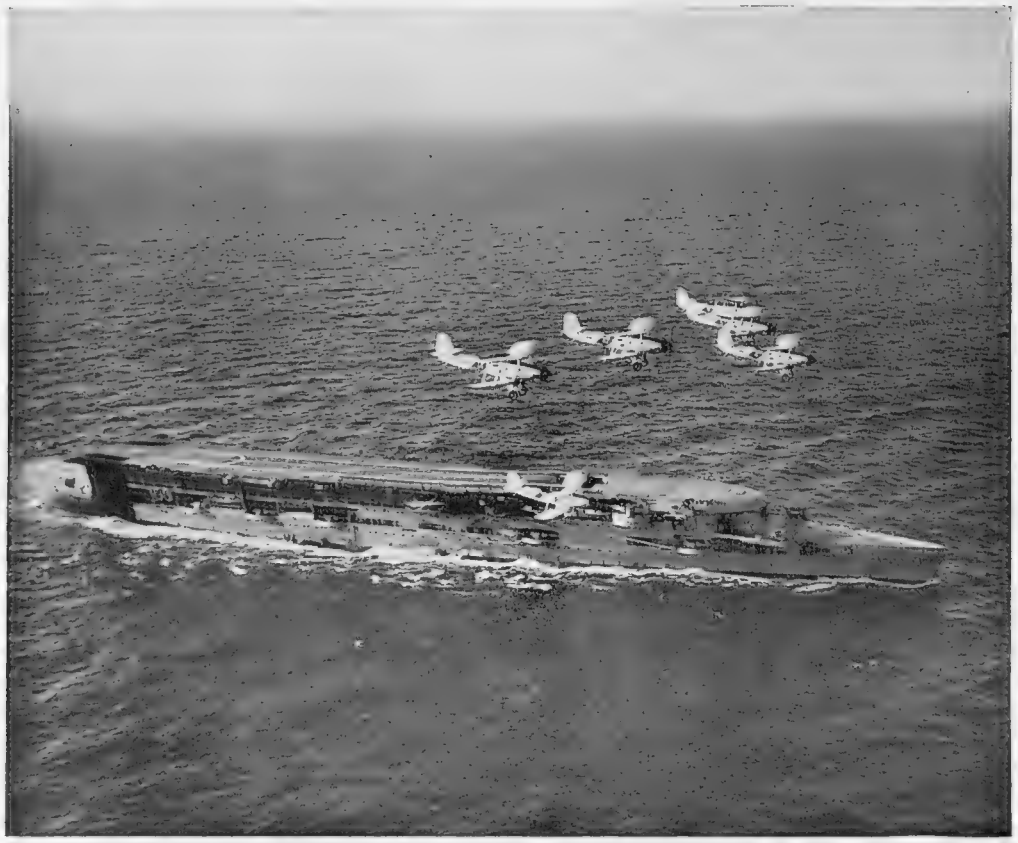
A ROYAL TRIO: Prince Alexandre, son of Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, with the Princes Tomislav and Andreï, brothers of King Peter II, at the Sveti Sava Agricultural Exhibition in Belgrade. They are aged ten, seven, and five respectively. The first-named was born at White Lodge, Richmond

SON OF THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR: Curt von Schuschnigg at a recent fancy dress ball for children held in Vienna at which he gave a recitation. *Below*—The Archduke Antoine of Austria and his two-year-old son, the Archduke Stéphan

HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE TO THE NORWEGIAN THRONE: Two studies of the four-year-old Princess Ragnhild, granddaughter of King Haquin VII and daughter of the Crown Prince Olav and the Crown Princess Marthe. Seated next to her in the picture on the left is her younger sister, Princess Astrid, who was born at Oslo in February 1932, and is named after her aunt, the Queen of the Belgians

HABSBURG YOUTH: Archduke Stéphan and the Archduchess Ileana, children of the Archduke Antoine, bob-sleighing in the snow-covered grounds of the castle of Sonnberg. Their father is a relative of the Archduke Otto, claimant to the Austrian throne

THE ARCHDUCHESS ILEANA, wife of the Archduke Antoine of Austria and daughter of the late King Ferdinand of Rumania, enjoying winter sports with one of her children. Her eldest brother is King Carol, and one of her sisters is the widow of the ill-fated King Alexander of Yugoslavia. She was born in Bucharest in 1908, and married at Sinaïa in July, 1931



THE SEADROME: A view of the 22,000-ton aircraft-carrier *Furious* taken from a 'plane which was manœuvring into position for a descent on to her flight deck. Some years ago this vessel underwent extensive alterations, her funnel and mast being removed and a new hangar being built forward. Smoke is now discharged through vents in the deck

A NEW TYPE: The Saunders-Roe open-sea reconnaissance flying boat for which the Air Ministry is placing a development order. It is of metal construction and is equipped with two Bristol Pegasus engines

PLOUGHING THROUGH THE SURGE: A striking study of the 31,100-ton battleship, *Barham*, racing at full speed during power trials held on the homeward passage from Gibraltar after the recent combined exercises of the Home and Mediterranean Fleets. Flying overhead are 'planes returning to their base on the aircraft-carrier *Furious*

How the Air Force Depends on the Navy

The Vital Importance of Well-Equipped Warships to Protect the Trade Routes in Time of War and so Make it Possible for the R.A.F. to Receive Regular Supplies of Fuel from Overseas

A DISTINGUISHED admiral, throwing on to a recent enthusiastic suggestion that for the price of a £5,000,000 capital ship the nation could get 1,000 'planes at £5,000 apiece, the cold douche of practical experience, pointed out that the petrol to keep this vast horde of 'planes in the air would have to be brought overseas to this country, and would therefore have to be guarded by fighting ships whose power would depend upon the power of the enemy ships used for raiding purposes. That is a point often forgotten by the extreme air enthusiasts—it must be remembered that every naval officer is nowadays an air enthusiast with the limitations that are necessarily always in the mind of the naval man.

The War showed clearly how terribly vulnerable is that steady stream of oil and spirit from overseas. The Germans fully realized it and made tank tonnage a special mark for their submarines. The type sustained very heavy losses from this cause, but in spite of it all the stream remained uninterrupted so that the fighting ships using oil, or the aeroplanes, tanks, motor cars, coastal motor boats, etc., using petrol managed to carry on against the enemy. But it was only by the very greatest care and sacrifice on the part of the navy; as an example in 1917 when the United States came into the War and sent across a squadron of capital ships to co-operate with the Grand Fleet in the North Sea. Naturally the Allies wanted the very best that they had to offer in order to carry a second Battle of Jutland, if the opportunity ever occurred, to a successful conclusion without running the risk of subsequent invasion, but it was thought advisable to ask for the second best that the Americans had to offer, older-fashioned ships which were burning coal under their boilers, in order to give some relief to the oil supply.

One solution, of course, is to revert to coal for fleet purposes as has been suggested by interested parties, leaving all the tankers coming from overseas free to carry nothing but petrol for aeroplanes, etc., and to put up with the losses. But after very carefully considering that proposition the Admiralty has decided that it would make our ships too far inferior to those of other Powers, who are using oil fuel without exception whether they produce it themselves or not, and that it was therefore unthinkable. From this decision there is practically no dissentient voice in the active navy to-day.

The navy considers it preferable always to have the tanker problem with us, great though it is and always will be. When the tanker is built for commercial purposes, in order to show a trading balance in peace time, she always has been terribly vulnerable and there seems to be no chance of any change in that. The root of the problem is that the oil-carrying business invariably entails one-way cargoes, which is what the shipping man dreads. Various efforts have been made to design a tanker that can carry some other cargo on her return voyage, but they have never succeeded.

Naturally, when one freight has to pay the running expenses both out and home, and when plentiful competition keeps that freight down to its lowest level, it is necessary to give the tanker the greatest possible running and operating economy. To carry the greatest load to the best advantage length is necessary, which makes the tanker one of the most unhandy types afloat, with far less ability to dodge a submarine's torpedo, for instance, than a twin-screw cargo liner of the same tonnage. But the worst part from the naval point of view is that it reduces her speed. The designers have to seek an exact balance of the extra earning power by extra voyages, and the saving of wages, etc. per thousand tons of oil delivered, with the cost of fuel, for each successive knot in speed means a rapid increase in fuel consumption, and overhead costs caused by more expensive engines.

Thus most tankers have a speed of 11, 11½, or 12 knots, while cargo liners of similar status have 13 to 15. A few, it is true, go up to 14 knots, but the industry as a whole is very doubtful of the economic wisdom of that plan. The Japanese have built one or two tankers of over 14 knots, and there are rumours of their intentions to go in for something still faster, but such ships are designed with an eye to purely naval necessities, and could neither be built nor run on a commercial basis.

Britain, however, prefers to rely on a few naval tankers of very ordinary design for the regular naval supply to the bases, normally employing them fully year in and year out, and for the main supply for aerial or excess purposes on the finest commercial tanker fleet in the world.

It means taking extra precautions for their safety, but it must be remembered that even the fastest and most expensive tanker would be quite unable to escape surface attack by any cruiser and would have to be protected almost to the same extent as the slow one. As long as the country has to depend on overseas supplies of petrol no aeroplane can leave the ground without naval protection, so that if 'planes can only be obtained at the price of their naval guard the situation of the vastly increased Air Force would be infinitely worse than before.

Frank C. Bowen

Where the Girls of Volendam are Taught by the Dominican Nuns

GOING TO SCHOOL IN HOLLAND

Daughters of the Fisherfolk in their Picturesque National Costumes

A BREAK BETWEEN LESSONS: The children playing in the courtyard of the Dominican Convent School at Volendam. Most of them are the daughters of fishermen of the Yselmeer (late Zuyder Zee)

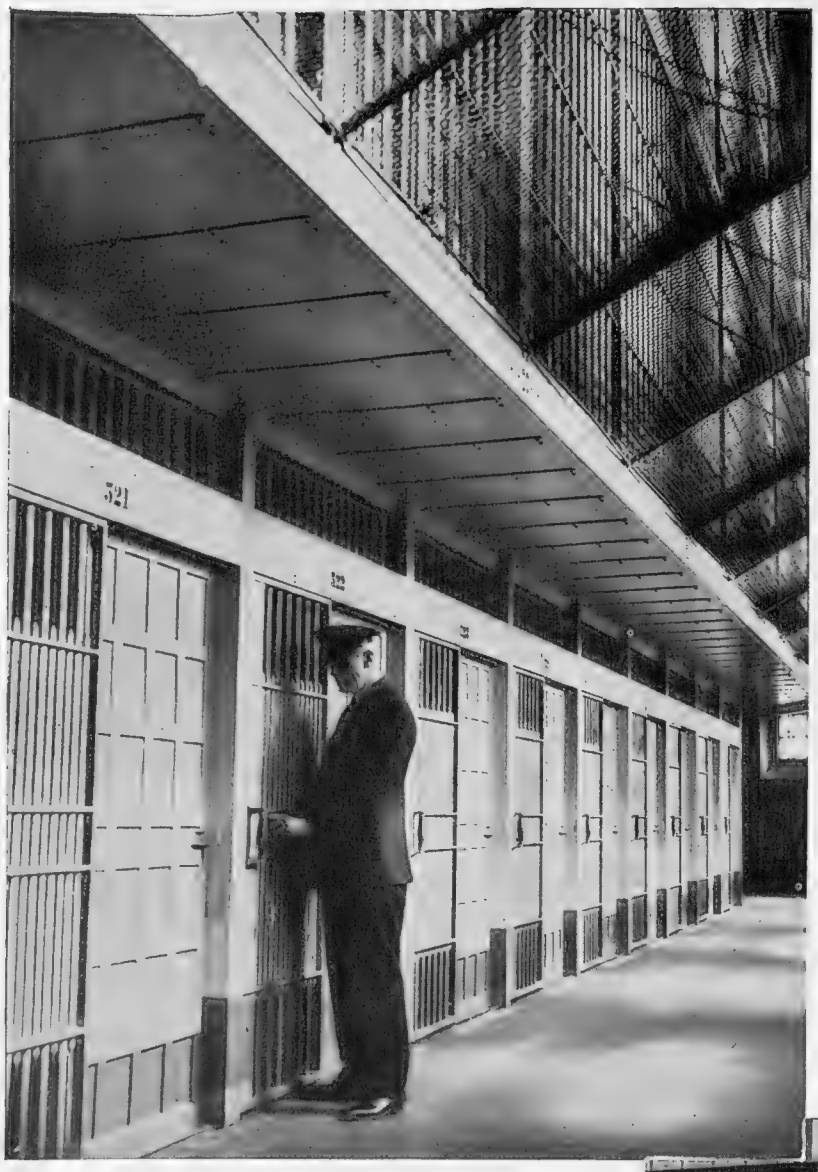
DICTATION: A lesson in progress in one of the airy classrooms at the convent. The nuns are said to be excellent teachers, and although they do not conform to the original rule of their order and live a purely contemplative life, they are doing work that must be regarded as very much worth while

A SEA OF WHITE BONNETS: Walking to school along a picturesque by-way of Volendam

LITTLE WOMEN LEARNING TO BE GOOD WIVES: The teacher helps two of the younger girls with their needlework. This is only one of the subjects outside the normal curriculum to which considerable time is devoted at the school

On right—ROUTINE: Every morning the children take off their heavy wooden klompers before entering the classroom, and place them in their lockers

Prisons, New and



NEW YORK'S PRINCIPAL GAOL: Rows of cells in the Tombs Prison which has vastly improved since the days when it was condemned as unfit for human habitation

ON THE WAY TO HIS TRIAL: A prisoner, handcuffed to one of the warders, being taken from his cell in the Tombs Prison to the Court House

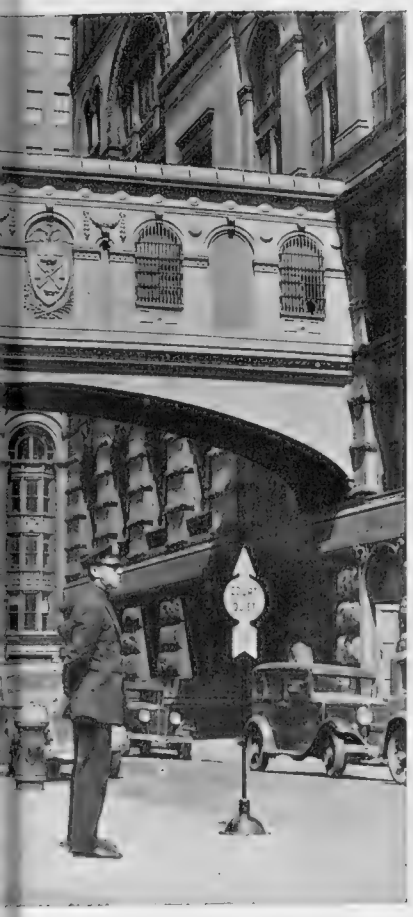
APTLY NAMED: The Brid the Criminal Court, th in

LUXURIES: The newspaper and sandwich salesman making his daily round of the cells in the Tombs

A DORMITORY AT THE TOMBS: Typical sleeping quarters to which the men are marched from their cells every night

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES: Three more pictures taken in the women's gaol on Greenwich Avenue. *Left*—The palatial waiting-room. *Centre*—A visitor talking to a convict friend through a series of perforated holes in the wall. This system, which does not interfere unduly with conversation, is employed in order to prevent the smuggling-in of drugs or weapons. *Right*—A wardress on night duty outside one of the many rows of cells

Old, in New York . .



of Sighs which connects the Tombs with avoiding the necessity of taking prisoners the open street

VISITING DAY: A prisoner's friend waiting at the main entrance of the recently erected sky-scraper gaol for women

DECEIVING: An exterior view of the skyscraper prison for women on Greenwich Avenue, which, with its elaborately adorned windows, has more the appearance of an hotel than of a place of detention

MENTAL FOOD: The librarian of the women's gaol distributes books to the prisoners after they have returned to their cells at the end of the day's work. Needless to say crime stories are barred, but beyond this the range of choice is fairly wide

WORKING FOR THEIR KEEP: Girl convicts in the sewing-room, where they are employed for a large part of each day. When the photographer came to take this picture they all turned their heads away, being naturally desirous of the least possible publicity

THREE IN ONE: A scene in the chapel in the women's prison, showing how the altars for Catholic, Protestant, and Methodist services are arranged on a revolving platform

PERSIA to Fold Up Her TENTS

The Government Decides to Abolish Tribal Life, and Insists that in Future the Nomads Shall Reside in Houses

"O, WILDERNESS WERE PARADISE ENOW!" These men accustomed to the roving life of a pastoral people, will soon be compelled by the Persian Government to settle down and cultivate the soil. Already many of their ancient privileges have been taken away, and they are being subjected to an ever-increasing amount of taxation. While the merchants, artisans, and agriculturists are essentially men of peace, these nomads are, in contrast, noted for their high courage, manliness, and independent outlook

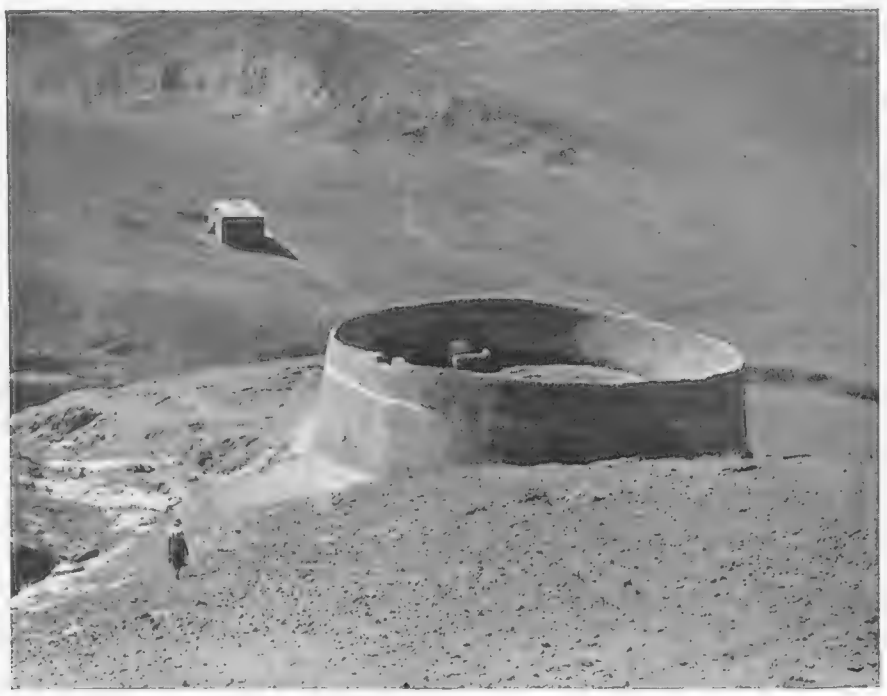
OMAR KHAYYAM, the tent-maker, is dead, and, if the intentions of the Persian Government are reported correctly, the land will never see another of his like; for it has been decreed in Teheran that tents are homes unworthy of a civilized people—that the nomads, of whom there are thousands yet in Iran (as Persia is now officially called), shall settle on the land and cease their troublesome wanderings, and that they shall in future, like law-abiding citizens, reside in houses of mud and stone.

The tribal chiefs, it is said, have already been informed by the authorities that their tents, with their nomadic habits, must be packed up. Away with pastoralism, says Teheran. On with agriculture and industry.

It is a profoundly regrettable decision, this resolve to abolish the tribal life in Iran, in keeping though it may be with the attitude of many Governments towards nomadic peoples. It is true, for instance, that Turkey has completely humbled the earlier powers of her tribes; it is true that the Baghdad Government would like to be able to do so. Nor is it only the urban Oriental who dislikes the tribesman. Settled peoples are apt to regard as an unmitigated nuisance folk with no fixed homes and with an incurable habit of wandering hundreds of miles in search of pasture. Commonly enough the "new" Governments of the Middle East try to disguise the existence of their tribes, as being that of barbarians whose manners it is best to hush up. But in any case, the town-educated mind argues, these tribal fellows must be assimilated to central Government control, their old traditions and special laws (picturesque as they may be to curious Europeans) must be annulled, and in as far as their habits conflict with the convenience of Government authorities, they must be discontinued.

Such a line of reasoning sounds plausible; it has appealed even to a certain number of British administrators in the East. But I am certain that it is erroneous. I have lived with the Bedouin, have seen their economic difficulties at the present time, have witnessed their pitiable effort to avert starvation by turning agriculturists. They are fine men, these tribesmen, for whom there should be a rightful place in society, not indeed as potential agriculturists, but as what they are *par excellence* namely, pastoralists and breeders of livestock.

Explanation of the bias against the tribesman is not difficult to find. Formerly, in the East, the tribesman was wont to hold in fee the towns, whether in Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, or elsewhere; he would suddenly swoop from his fastnesses in the desert on to the town, and if tribute were not promptly paid, there was trouble indeed for those with a roof over their heads. Usually, tribute was paid. The towns have not forgotten this. Getting one's own back is one of the oldest of vices.



A TOWER OF SILENCE: A cemetery in the Persian desert where the dead are offered as prey to the vultures

In the post-War years in the Middle East, where centralized administrations have been *de rigueur*, the tribesmen have been undergoing an increasing curtailment of former privileges. In large part they have been disarmed, if not actually, at least relatively, when compared with the equipment at the disposal of modern governments; this stripping bare of offensive weapons has probably gone much further in Persia than in Arabia. Taxes, at the very notion of which they were wont to laugh, have been collected regularly; not always, it is true, without some heavy coercion, but still, no tribesmen have escaped the acquisitive hand of the central Government.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS: Brewing tea in a samovar in a desert camp

Yet there are few travellers who would not assert with me that potentially, if not actually, the tribesmen are the backbone, as they are the best strain, in whatever nation of which they happen to be part. They are an aristocracy. The townsman despises the tribesman; yet in most Middle Eastern countries snobbery consists in tracing one's descent back to a tribe.

These men from barren mountain side, steppe, or plain lack modern notions, truly; but why beget and cultivate such notions in an environment unchanged, almost, from the beginning of time? Their only craft, admittedly, is in grazing and the breeding of livestock (though their womenfolk are wonderful in the use of camel and goat hair and in vegetable dyes), but the rearing of camels, goats, sheep, and horses is no ignoble calling.

Why force the tribesmen to do that which they fundamentally scorn, namely, to till the soil and become peasants—*adscripti glebae*? Why take from them the peculiar qualities bred by their roving life, their hardiness, their bravery, their hospitality?

This is no romantic sentimentalism. It is often forgotten that Asia has no monopoly of nomadism. In Southern Europe it is quite common still, for those who breed livestock on a large scale must seek the hills in summer and the warmer valleys in winter; must journey to wherever grazing and adequate water may be. Such seasonal movements (called in French *transhumance*) have been a feature of European economic life for centuries; and to suggest to an Australian shepherd that a nomadic life was a degraded, barbaric calling would bring surely a reply more terse than tactful.

Gradually, however, the world of the Bedu, the tribesman, is crumbling. On the limitless horizons of his deserts his doom is written; and the nearer he is to "Western civilization" the sooner is likely to be his end. Out to the black tents of camel-hair the chill hand of officialdom is stretching, bidding the occupants assimilate themselves to their allegedly more learned and useful brothers of town and field. Less and less shall we hear the historic cry, "To your tents, O Israel!"

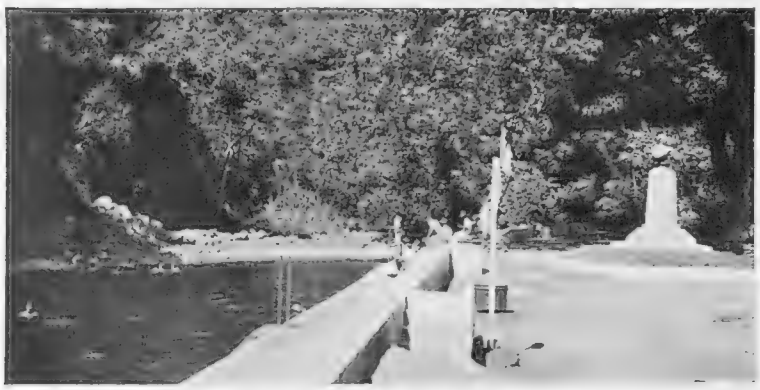
Kenneth Williams

PARADISE IN THE PACIFIC

Scenes in Tahiti—the Island that Inspired Pierre Loti

WHILING AWAY THE SUNLIT HOURS: A native girl of Tahiti fishing on the quay at Papeete—the capital and chief port of the island

RUGGED GRANDEUR: A strikingly-shaped peak towering above the fertile valleys of the island. Although Tahiti has an area of only 402 sq. miles and a length of only 33 miles, the central mountain range rises to a height of over 7,300 ft. The bulk of the population lives on the coastal plain



IN HONOUR OF ONE OF THE "IMMORTALS": The bust of Pierre Loti (on right) and the newly constructed swimming pool on the outskirts of Papeete, which has been named after him. Loti, probably the greatest of all travel writers, spent a considerable time on the island, and in 1880 published *Rarahu*—a semi-autobiographical novel about a Polynesian girl and her white lover—which brought him immediate fame

GRASS-SKIRTED NATIVE DANCERS ON PAPEETE BEACH: Typical Polynesians with the beauty of face and symmetry of figure that are the rule rather than the exception among the women members of the population, and which roused the early voyagers to amazing heights of admiration and exaggeration in their descriptions of the islanders

A CRAFT WITH AN EVENTFUL HISTORY: The sailing ship *Maréchal Foch* which recently went down on the coral reefs of Raiavavae in the Pacific. She was launched in Canada in 1918 and was first employed in the transatlantic coal trade; afterwards being bought by Zane Grey, the well-known American writer and deep-sea fisherman, who converted her into a luxury yacht and cruised on her among the islands of the South Seas. In 1928 the vessel passed into the hands of a well-to-do Roman Catholic priest, who used her for carrying copra from Christmas Island to San Francisco. Later she was used for smuggling, and before prohibition came to an end in the United States she made many a voyage from Tahiti to the American coast with her holds laden with case upon case of whisky

PORTUGAL
Ancient and Modern

Citania and Sabroso—Prehistoric Hill Cities of the Iberian Peninsula

By C. D. PALMER

THE authentic history of the Iberian Peninsula begins in Roman times and little is known of the people who inhabited the country before the Roman conquest. During the ages of stone and bronze Portugal was quite thickly inhabited as the kitchen middens, stone built sepulchral chambers and dolmens testify, but before the dawn of history the peoples who made them had passed away, and what may be termed a Celto-Iberian civilisation was occupying hilltop cities in the country north-east of Oporto. In this district archæological remains abound, for the most part still awaiting scientific investigation.

Between the city of Guimaraes—ancient capital of the Visigoths and later the stronghold of Count Henry of Burgundy, the ruler of the embryo Portugal—and Braga, the Roman Bracara Augusta, are the ruins of two hill cities which take us back to pre-Roman times and are the earliest examples of city communities in Portugal. The modern names of these are Citania and Sabroso, the former being somewhat arbitrarily given this name because of references by a Roman writer to a native town called Citania.

That the foundations of these towns are visible to-day and are guarded from being used as a convenient stone heap for road making and building (as has so often been the fate of ancient remains), and also for the preservation of the objects found on the sites, we owe to that great Portuguese archæologist the late Dr. Martins Sarmento, who excavated and protected them towards the end of the last century.

FIGURE OF EIGHT: A primitive design found on the reverse side of the stone shown in the picture immediately above

Sabroso is clearly much the older of the two cities. Almost all the foundations remaining are those of round stone huts and there seems to be no sign of street planning. It appears that the city had passed its prime before the coming of the Romans and that with the conquest the city was abandoned to the mercy of the scrub and pine trees which to-day cover these hills.

It is defended by a single dry stone wall, remarkable for the perfect way in which the polygonally shaped stones are fitted. It is of interest to note that this type of polygonal masonry, simplified and improved by the use of mortar, is still used in Portugal, and though this old wall has certainly been in existence for 1,000 years much of it is in as good condition as the day it was built.

A mile or two away on another hill rising some 900 ft. above the valley stands Citania, reputed to be the last stronghold of the Celts against the Romans. It was certainly an important fortress for it is defended by a series of three dry stone walls and ditches which remind one forcibly of the walls of some of the stone forts of Ireland.

A STONE-BUILT KILN USED FOR THE INCINERATION OF THE DEAD which was recently unearthed during the making of a new motor road at Citania—the ruined city to the north east of Oporto, which is supposed to have been the last stronghold of the northern Celtiberians against the invading legions of Rome

These walls enclose an oblong space measuring about 200 yards by 350 yards filled with a maze of paved streets lined with the remains of circular and rectangular houses whose ruined walls stand 2 ft. or 3 ft. above ground level. As far as the configuration of the hill allows these streets are straight and their pavement is still in wonderfully good condition. Whereas of the houses uncovered at Sabroso only three are rectangular and the remainder circular, at Citania the two types are about evenly divided with perhaps a slight predominance of the rectangular.

Here was no savage settlement but an ordered community in an advanced state of development as the remains clearly show. That all-important item in the life of a hill fortress, the water supply, was carefully arranged and the elaborate system of stone conduits which carried it from a well, now fallen in, along the streets running across the face of the hill is still well preserved.

These prehistoric city dwellers delighted to ornament their simple houses, for the architraves of many of their square doorways are carved with skilfully executed interlaced designs of Celtic type.

A COMMANDING POSITION: The foundations of a number of circular and rectangular huts brought to light in the hill-top city of Citania. This place is a natural fortress, and the Romans must have experienced unusual difficulty in capturing it

A point of interest is that at both these sites there are incised circles carved on the natural rock very similar to those found on stone monuments in Ireland.

To-day the whole of this city of 2,000 years ago is laid bare, and on the summit of the hill stand two of the circular houses which were reconstructed by Dr. Sarmento. These have been roofed with thatch, but the original builders used tiles. The use of tiles for roofing is one of the many pieces of evidence which go to prove that Citania was inhabited at a later date than Sabroso, for there no trace of tiles has been found and the houses were roofed instead with slabs of schist.

Yet another piece of evidence is the number of coins found on the sites. Only a single Roman coin has been found at Sabroso, while Citania has yielded many Roman coins of comparatively late date. From this and other evidence it has been deduced that Sabroso was deserted at the beginning of the Roman conquest, while Citania continued inhabited for some time thereafter.

PRE-HISTORIC DWELLINGS RECONSTRUCTED: Two round houses at Citania, which were rebuilt some years ago by the late Dr. Martins Sarmento, the well-known Portuguese archæologist. Originally the roofs were tiled

(*Continued on p. 34*)

The Dictatorship of General Carmona that has Paved the Way to Prosperity

By J. BAKER WHITE

PORTUGAL was one of our oldest allies in the past and to-day is one of the best friends we have in Europe. Yet little is known in Britain of her social and economic structure, and although many Britons visit Portugal in the course of the year few get farther than Lisbon and the sunny shores of Estoril. This comparative ignorance of Portuguese affairs is all the more strange in these days when experiments in economic planning and political dictatorships are examined so critically, because this State of 34,500 sq. miles and 6,340,000 people has been ruled by a dictatorship since 1927 and is probably the only working example of the Corporative State in practice. This fact makes all the more welcome the recently issued and admirable report of the Commercial Secretary, Mr. A. H. W. King, O.B.E., at His Majesty's Embassy, Lisbon.

At the beginning of 1927 Portugal was headed straight for political and economic chaos. She needed a strong and determined ruler; she found him in the President, General Carmona. He established a rigid dictatorship, the existing constitution was suspended, being replaced by government by decree in the hands of a Council of Ministers. In 1933 the President placed a new constitution before the people, and submitted to a plebiscite it was accepted by an overwhelming majority. It is the Corporative State in practice, placing the interests of the association before the interests of the individual. The smallest association is the family—a shrewd blow to Communism and extreme Socialism—and as a general rule only heads of families are allowed to vote. The President of the Republic is elected by their votes every seven years, and, responsible only to the nation, he appoints the Ministers. There is a National Assembly, also elected by vote, but it has no power to overthrow the Government.

There is also a Chamber of Corporations, representative of administrative, social, and economic bodies, and there is very definite control of industry. Uneconomic concerns are being eliminated, and there is legislation of a definite "planning" character. Portugal's main exports are wine, cork, and sardines. In 1933 her total exports were valued at £7,246,000, of which sardines comprised £975,000, cork £934,000, and port and other wines £1,713,000. Consequently the Government has paid particular attention to these industries. The port wine industry has been rationalised and three controlling bodies, representative of growers and shippers, have been set up with the object of improving quality and increasing exports. In the sardine-fishing industry there is a "consortium," whose duties are to control fishing, prevent under-selling and improve the quality of the packing. The cork industry is also to be subjected to rationalisation and brought within the scope of the Corporative State, while there is a control commission for salt codfish, one of Portugal's main imports.

Agriculture remains Portugal's main industry, for more than half her population is on the land. The Portuguese farmer to-day enjoys a rough prosperity, largely due to the Government's wheat campaign, which resulted in a record crop being grown in 1932 and the reduction of wheat imports from £3,532,000 in 1929 to £160,000 in 1933. Wheat prices are fixed by law, and the farmer is assured of a market for his crop at about £13 10s. a ton. The success of the Government's policy is evidenced by a rise in average production per hectare from 760 litres in 1921–1925 to 1,040 litres in 1923–33, while in the same period the consumption of nitrate fertilisers rose from 18,604 tons to 64,879 tons. As part of the Corporative State there is a National Federation of Wheat Producers, a well-organised technical and research service, and a scheme whereby modern agricultural machinery, bought with German reparations, can be hired cheaply by the farmers.

At the same time there is a considerable measure of corporative control over labour. There is the Statute of National Labour, known as the "workers' declaration of rights," providing for a weekly day of rest and an annual holiday on full pay and with general supervisory powers over industry. There are also Gremios or Guilds, providing for the corporative organisation of private enterprise, and national trade unions organised on the basis of professions and trades. By a decree of May 1934, strikes and lock-outs are illegal. The attitude of the Government to strikes is well expressed in the following passage from the decree quoted in the Commercial Secretary's report:—

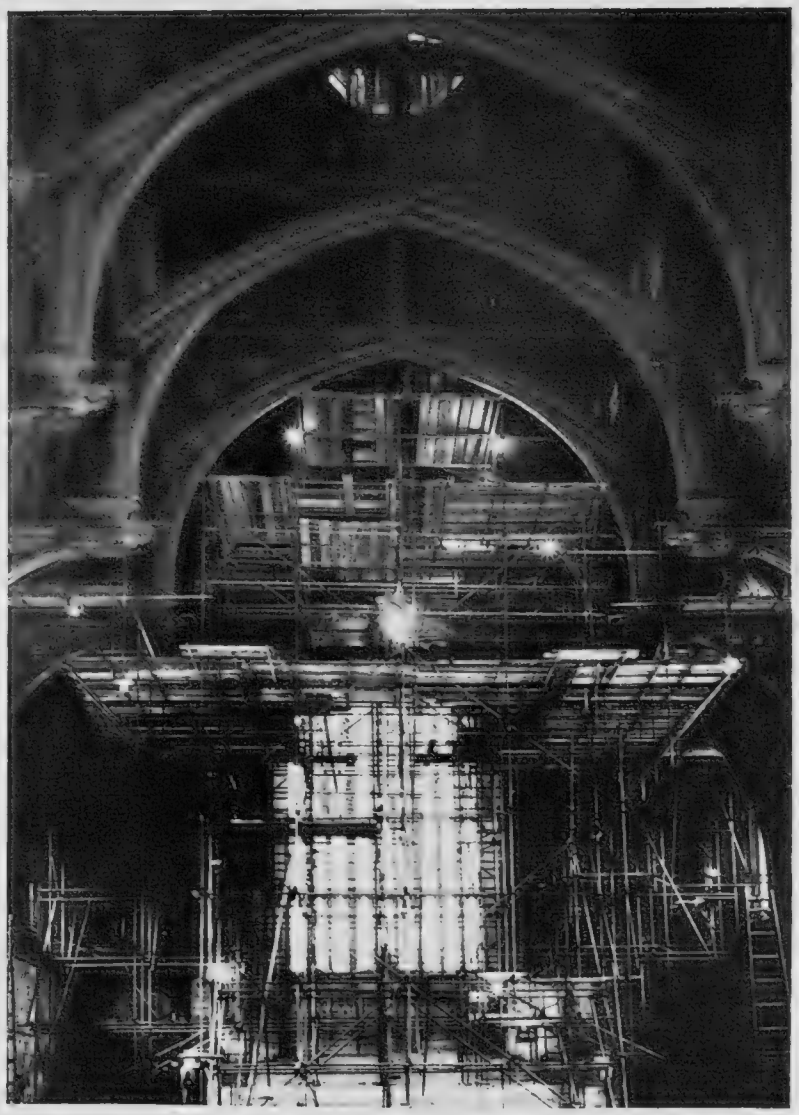
> "In general, offensive strikes take place during periods of national prosperity and great productive activity, and are intended to compel employers to share their profits with labour. Defensive strikes usually occur during times of depression, and have for their purpose

(*Continued on p. 44*)

ADORNING THE FINEST TIMBER-ROOFED BUILDING IN EUROPE: A figure of an angel at the end of an ancient hammer-beam in Westminster Hall, being cleaned in readiness for Their Majesties' visit during the Silver Jubilee celebrations

Preparing Westminster Hall

for the Visit of the King and Queen on May 9, when they will Receive Loyal Addresses from the Lords and Commons



A HALL OF HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS: *Left*—A workman attaching modern lighting equipment to one of the old lamps. *Right*—A general view showing the cleaning work in progress. The building has altered but little in appearance since the time of Richard II who re-modelled it at the end of the fourteenth century and built the oaken roof—a masterpiece both in point of beauty and constructive skill. In 1913 the woodwork was found to have been injured by the ravages of the death-watch beetle and during the next ten years underwent a thorough restoration, in the course of which one third of the timber was replaced by beams from Wadhurst, Sussex. Many stirring events have taken place in the hall, and until the time of George IV it was used by the monarchs for their Coronation festivals. It was here also that Charles I, Guy Fawkes, Strafford, and Sir Thomas Wyatt were condemned to death and that Warren Hastings was acquitted after his seven years' trial

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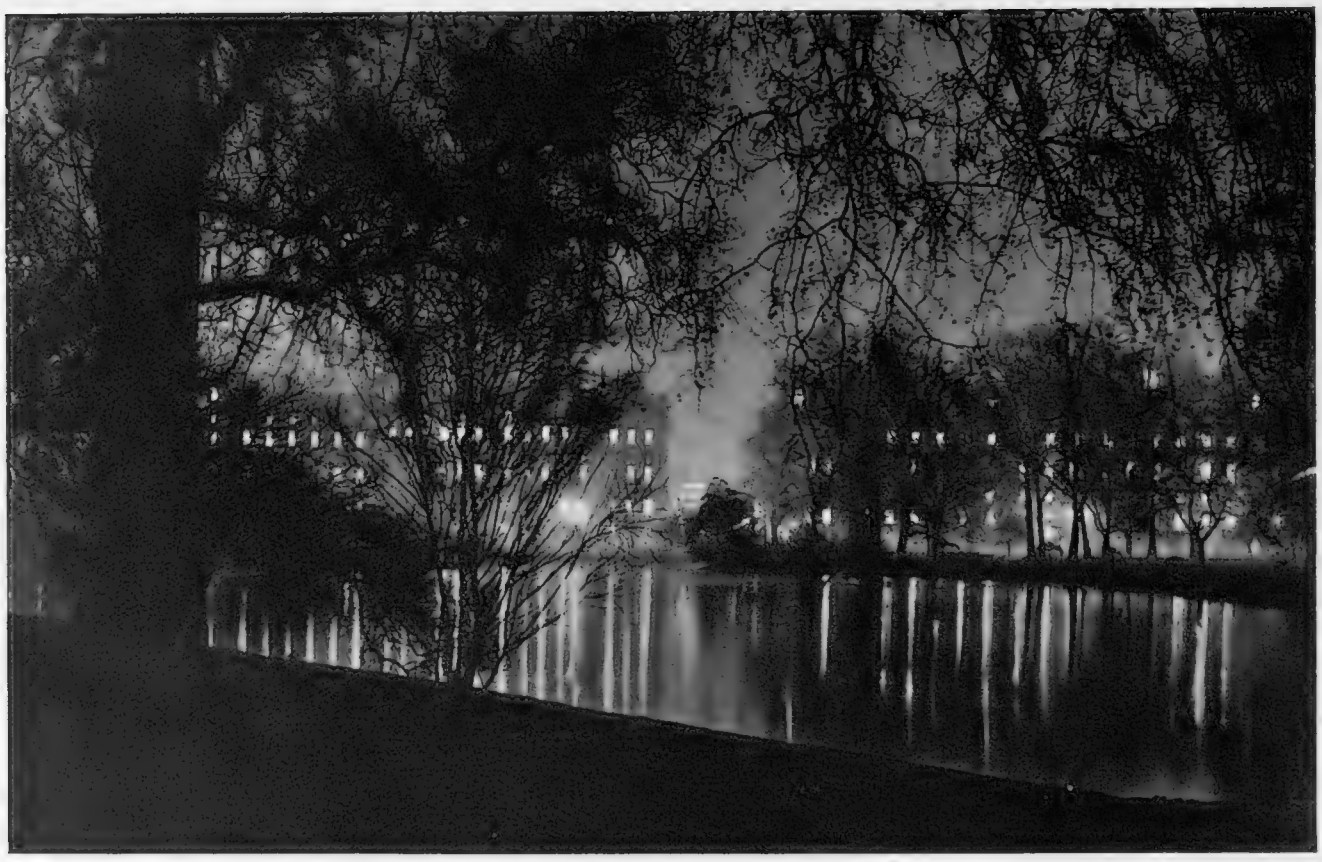


THE LIGHTS OF LONDON: Reflections on St. James's Park Lake

The COST of a BALL in the London Season

By CHARLES GRAVES

UNQUESTIONABLY this is going to be a great season for dances. Owing to the March Courts the season has started much earlier, and on an average there will have been four dances a night five nights a week for fourteen weeks. If one takes as an average £450 a dance (a figure which I am about to analyse), we find £1,800 a night for fourteen weeks, making a gross total of something over £250,000 in launching 280 girls of about eighteen years apiece. Yes, the industry of the dance is of great importance, both directly for the circulation of money and indirectly because it is kernel of the London season, which, to change the metaphor, acts as a magnet for thousands of foreigners and loyal subjects of the British Empire who are coming "home."

Let us now take a typical hostess who is about to give a dance. She will not be either Lady Howard de Walden or Mrs. St. John Hornby, for they are two of the handful who give their dances in their own houses and supply their own food for their own guests. In the ordinary course of events not one hostess out of ten uses her own house for her daughter's coming-out dance, and not one in a hundred fails to get outside expert assistance to supply her with all the ingredients of the dance—except the guests. And sometimes they even use the Mayfair dance list, secretly compiled and lent as part of the service by the caterers.

The scene is laid in an office in Piccadilly. In one chair is seated Mr. Francis Stonor, the nephew of Sir Harry Stonor, who has held Court appointment for half a century. In the other chair is the potential hostess. On the table is a charming little eighteenth-century French terracotta piece of sculpture in the form of a pair of clasped hands. Lady X says in great perturbation, "I want to give a dance." In the next breath she adds, "I don't want it to cost too much." Mr. Stonor: "How many people are you going to invite?" Lady X: "How many do you think? Three hundred?" Mr. Stonor: "Well, of course, you are reckoning without the debutantes' mothers. They all come along. The average last year for a dance was 450." A light *motif* of moaning then makes itself apparent across the table. Lady X says, "What is it going to cost?" Mr. Stonor adopts promptly the attitude that Lady X is only going to do this kind of thing once in her life, and though she can do it cheaply she is up against the competition of fabulously rich people, and so she had better do it really well, especially as it is not extra expensive. He points out that you can get a good menu for 10s. 6d. a head, and the best in the world for 12s. 6d. Lady X now cheers up and inquires about the band. The choice for a smart dance is, in fact, limited to three. There are Ambrose's orchestras, Jack Harris's orchestra, and Pilbeam's orchestra. The usual engagement is for five hours from 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., and Lady X is told that she will be ill-advised if she allows the band to play overtime, for three o'clock in the morning is bedtime for all sensible people, and overtime works out at 2 guineas per man per hour, and it is not worth it. Pilbeam's orchestra works out at the rate of 5 guineas a man, and Pilbeam himself guarantees his own attendance as he does not take restaurant or night-club jobs.

Ambrose and Harris, as is well known, cannot appear until the small hours of the morning in view of their commitments at the Café de Paris and the Embassy Club. Lady X is then informed that the orchestra can scarcely be fewer than four men for a big dance, but that there is no need for it to be more than ten. Ultimately she decides to have £60 worth of orchestra.

"What about the champagne?" enquires Lady X. Mr. Stonor, "You can have so-called champagne from 100s. a dozen, but the minimum price for champagne which will be suitable for your guests is 126s. a dozen, at which point there is a fairly large choice; and you must make up your mind whether you want a famous vintage with an unknown name, or a famous name in a non-vintage year." Lady X, "What do you advise?" Mr. Stonor suggests the late King Edward's favourite champagne. Lady X then wants to know how many bottles she will have to order. She is told that on a pessimistic basis you must allow three people to a bottle. The next query is should champagne be available at the buffet as well as at supper? The answer is that you should have champagne at the buffet until one a.m., after which beer should be supplied.

The point about having champagne at the buffet is that the intelligent caterer and hostess does not seat more than sixty or seventy people at supper, for if this number is exceeded the ballroom is emptied, and every dance to be a success must look pretty full all the time. So as it is the mothers who have supper first, and the young people do not eat until later, it is desirable to have champagne available to keep the party spirit going until the young people themselves sup at one a.m. Otherwise—that is, if only orangeade and soft drinks are available—the young people will get bored and go off to the Florida. As to the beer, with a dance of 450 people one should estimate for two five-and-a-half gallon casks at 45s. each.

Lady X then starts to worry about flowers. The answer to that one is that the least you can spend is £10 and the most is £50, with £20 as an intelligent average. Obviously it depends largely on the size of the house. Sutherland House, for example, needs at least £30 worth of flowers.

The next point that agitates Lady X is the question of a house. The answer to that one is that Mr. Stoner has two or three up his sleeve at anything from 60 guineas to a 100 guineas for the one night. Lady X, feeling slightly faint, decides to take one at 80 guineas. But she is not quite sure whether she would like to have one in a famous square for fear that the chaperons will look disapprovingly on the opportunities for the young people to go and flirt behind bushes instead of dancing in the ballroom.

Then comes the problem of the necessary staff. Mr. Stonor points out that twenty-two butlers are provided free, their cost being included in the 12s. 6d. a head for the guests, together with two cloakroom attendants. He points out, however, that there will be a bill of £6 for moving the furniture out of the house and back again on the following day. There will be a further charge of 2 guineas for polishing the floor, and another 2 guineas for the front door awning (of which 15s. 6d. goes to the L.C.C. for some reason which they know best). Cloakroom fittings, he points out (warming to the task) are thrown in, but if extra lighting is required, it may run to £10 or £20, together with another 2 or 3 guineas if Japanese lanterns are required in the gardens or square. He adds that it is 30s. well spent to have an electrician in attendance in case the lights fuse, however much his presence may prevent a glamorous black-out for the debutantes.

"What about whisky?" enquires Lady X. The answer is that the best thing to do is to have two bottles behind the scenes so that while a retired field marshal or admiral of the Fleet can have his tot, young chaps down from the University are told firmly that there is none available. Cigarettes and brandy are Lady X's next concerns. Brandy, she

(Cont. on p. 44)

NINE P.M.—SOMEWHERE IN MAYFAIR: Arriving for the ball.

MRS. VALENTINE HERBERT, of Calcutta, who was presented by her mother-in-law, Lady Herbert. She is the only daughter of Sir Herbert Grayhurst Pearson, legal adviser to the Secretary of State for India

THE MISSES CELIA AND MAIMAINE PAGET, the attractive twin daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. Eric M. Paget, who were presented at the Second Court on Friday of last week. They are relatives of the Marquess of Anglesey

THE FIRST COURTS OF THE SEASON

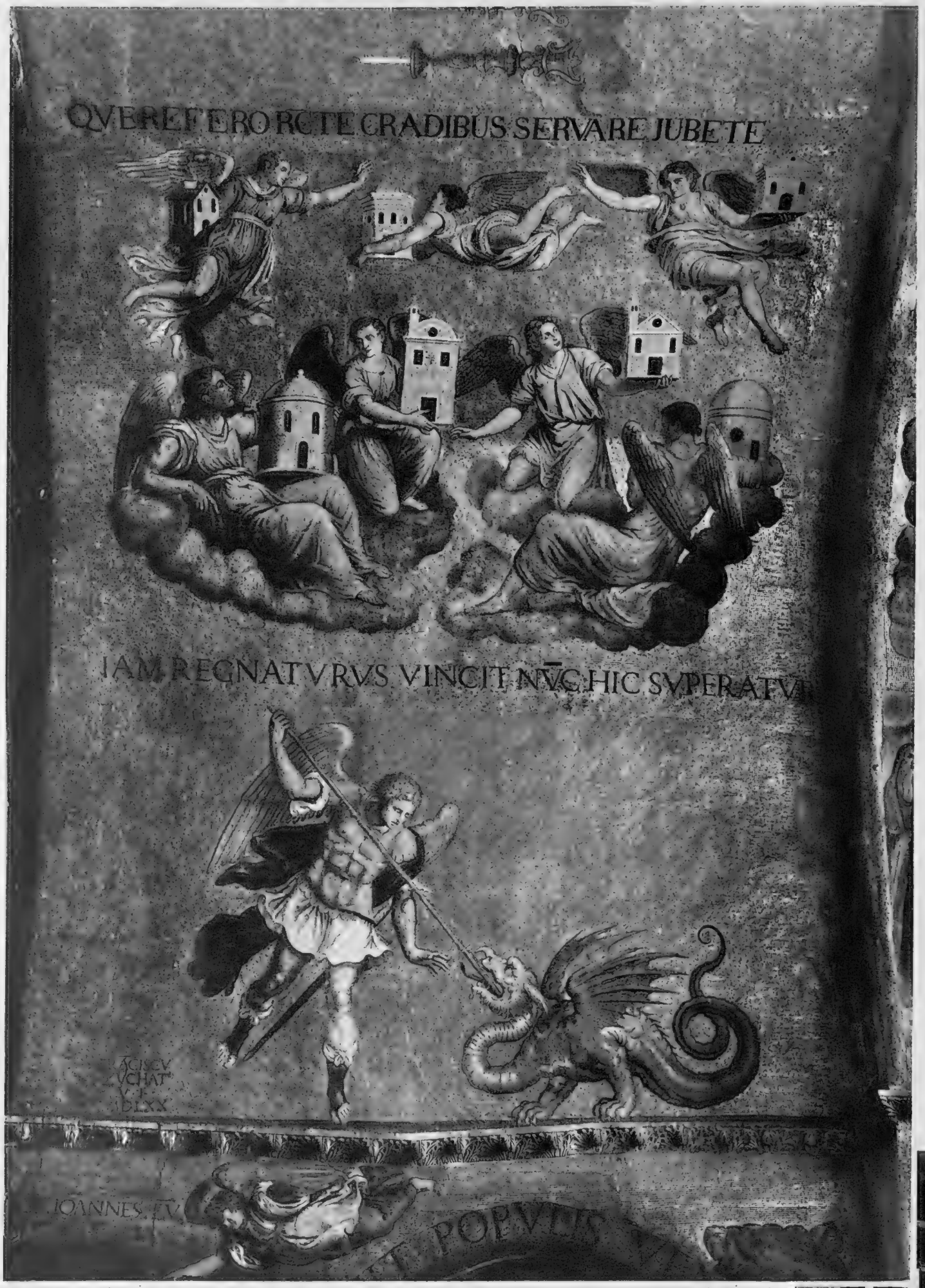
Some Notable Debutantes

LORD HEWART, THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, WITH LADY HEWART who was presented by Lady Branson on her marriage. She is the daughter of the late Mr. James Stuart, of Wanganui, New Zealand

On Right— MISS NADINE SWINTON, daughter of the late Captain Arthur John Swinton, who was presented by Mrs. Herbert Heasman

MOSAICS of ST. MARK'S

Revealed After Twenty-eight Years



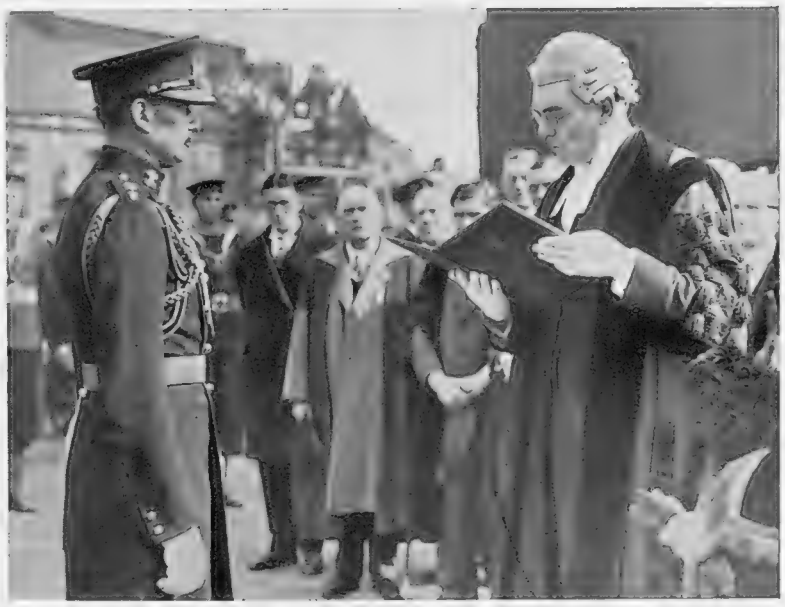
ST. GEORGE SLAYING THE DRAGON, AND THE ANGELS HOLDING THE SEVEN CHURCHES: One of the beautiful mosaics in St. Mark's, Venice, which has been cleaned under the supervision of Professor Marangoni and is now revealed in all its pristine glory

Below—The scaffolding used during the cleaning and restoration of the mosaics, which is now being gradually removed after having been in place for twenty-eight years

St. Mark's, in former times the private chapel of the Doges, must be regarded as unique among the buildings of the world on account of its unparalleled richness of decoration. The church grew with the growing State whose religious centre it was, and, under the law of the republic requiring that every Venetian merchant trading in the East should bring back some treasure for the adornment of the place, it is not to be wondered at that its possessions accumulated with extraordinary rapidity. Mosaic is the essential decoration, and there are a host of these magnificent panels depicting biblical and other subjects and representing practically every phase of Italian art from the tenth to the nineteenth centuries. The work of cleaning and restoring the mosaics has been one of the greatest delicacy, and where the structure of the building has cracked it has been necessary to support the mosaics from in front with specially designed scaffolding, scrape away the rubble behind, and put in cement—a task which is now nearing completion after years of effort

HOMECOMING OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

ARRIVING TO WELCOME THEIR BROTHER: The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York walking along the quayside at Portsmouth a few minutes before meeting the Duke of Gloucester on his return from his Empire tour



CIVIC GREETINGS: The Duke of Gloucester listening to the reading of an address of welcome after he had landed from H.M.A.S. *Australia*—the vessel which had brought him home from New Zealand

FAMILY RE-UNION: The Duke embracing the Queen on arrival at Victoria Station. The King, in the uniform of a Field-Marshal, and the Prince of Wales are seen on the right and left. The Duchess of York, the Princess Royal, and the Earl of Harewood were also present

OUTSIDE VICTORIA STATION: The Duke inspecting the Guard of Honour. Left—His Royal Highness, in the Hussar uniform into which he had changed on the journey up to London, driving through the streets in an open landau on the way to Buckingham Palace

TRIBUTES TO THE ROYAL AMBASSADOR: On the day after his arrival home the Duke paid a ceremonial visit to the City of London, driving in an open state carriage from Buckingham Palace along a processional route lined with enthusiastic spectators. *Left*—His Royal Highness, seated beside the Lord Mayor, listening to the address read by the Recorder, Sir Holman Gregory. *Right*—The Duke and the Lord Mayor at the official luncheon at which the Prime Minister made the principal speech. In the course of his address Mr. MacDonald said:—"The Duke has won the personal esteem and devotion of all with whom he has come into contact, whether in Australia or New Zealand, Ceylon or Jamaica, Fiji or Samoa; he has rendered an abiding service to the Crown and the Empire by the way he has carried out his mission. He has encompassed the world on his journey. When he sailed into Portsmouth Harbour he might justly have entertained memories of the great seamen, of times more adventurous, perhaps, who had ventured forth to make the name and fame of this land powerful and honoured among the nations of the world. They began. It was our less romantic, but no less worthy and necessary, task to conserve and consolidate the inheritance they bequeathed to us. They subdued and acquired. His Royal Highness went, after the creative centuries had done their work, as the representative of a sovereignty of peace, of order, and of liberty"

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On An International Frontier

Where the Warsaw-Moscow Express Crosses from Poland into Russia

NEAR THE RUSSO-POLISH BORDER: Passengers leaving the coaches of the express at Stolbzy in order to have their baggage examined at the Customs House before journeying on to Moscow

SEARCHING FOR STOWAWAYS: An armed train guard carefully examining the coaches in order to make sure that no one has concealed himself beneath them

ENTERTAINMENT EN ROUTE: The girl in charge of the wireless equipment on the train provides a passenger with a programme and a pair of headphones

WHERE BOUNDARIES MEET: Patrolling the barbed-wire-protected frontier between Poland and Russia, which is one of the most difficult in the world to get across

ON THE WAY TO MOSCOW: A train passing through the arch bearing the words "Workers of the World unite," as it leaves Poland and enters Soviet territory near Stolbzy. A few days ago Mr. Anthony Eden, Britain's Lord Privy Seal, passed this way en route from Germany to Russia

On Left—When an express from Moscow arrives at the frontier armed guards board the coaches and keep watch until the train reaches Stolbzy—a few miles farther on—to prevent would-be smugglers from throwing contraband to confederates waiting beside the track

A man being brought before the commandant of the frontier station after being caught attempting to escape by train from Soviet territory. Close watch is kept, and very few succeed in getting across the border without being detected

A FUGITIVE FROM RUSSIA

CONCEALING THEIR IDENTITY: The men standing second and third from left took all the pictures shown on these pages, and, in order that they should work unmolested, were allowed by the authorities to wear Polish uniforms

ON THE FIRST STAGE OF A TRANSCONTINENTAL JOURNEY: A Manchurian express seen at Stolbzy before leaving for Russia, Siberia, and the Far East

"ESCAPE ME NEVER"

Elisabeth Bergner in the Film Version of the Play in which she Delighted London Audiences

VENICE IN THE STUDIO: Elisabeth Bergner makes a dramatic entry over the parapet. One of the opening scenes in *Escape Me Never*—the British and Dominions Film, directed by her husband, which was presented at the London Pavilion last Monday. The cast includes Irene Vanbrugh, Griffith Jones, Leon Quartermaine, and Penelope Dudley Ward, and the picture is set against a background of Venice, the Dolomites, and London

THE REAL THING: A "shot" for the picture that was actually made in Venice

IN THE HEART OF THE DOLOMITES: One of many attractive open-air scenes in the film. Elisabeth Bergner is in the foreground

Left — A THEATRE AS A STUDIO: One of the ballet sequences in *Escape Me Never*, which was taken on the staqe of Drury Lane

THE FOUNTAIN OF ROMANCE: Hugh Sinclair and Elisabeth Bergner in one of their less prosperous moments

April in the Countryside

THE BOUNTY OF SPRING: Children gathering primroses on the banks of a dyke near Loxfield Mill, Essex

EARLY MORNING ON THE ESSEX LOWLANDS: The rushes and branches weave a beautiful pattern through which the sun can be seen as it gradually begins to break through the mist

INDUSTRY AMID THE SOLEMN STILLNESS OF THE WOODS

Loading timber in a clearing—a picture imbued with the atmosphere of invigorating early morning freshness to be met with in the countryside at this period of the year

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House Party at Pagnell Bois

Scenes from "Frolic Wind"—The New Play by Richard Pryce at the Royalty Theatre

DISCOVERED: The caustic-tongued Lady Athaliah Jeune (Henrietta Watson) discovers the growing interest in each other of Miss Jewell, the unwanted niece (Veronica Turleigh), and Mr. Charlecote (Basil Bartlett), whose betrothal provides this grim drama with a welcome happy ending

FOILED: Miss Vulliamy (Fabia Drake) the novelist, who writes of love, but is possessed of an ignorance of her subject which she is prepared to remedy, and Mr. Charlecote (Basil Bartlett), the artist whom she unsuccessfully attempts to attract

On left—

THIRTEEN AT TABLE: An unfortunate dinner party during the week-end at Pagnell Bois, where the elderly ladies of the house have, according to their custom, assembled lions of the literary and art worlds: On the right is Lady Athaliah talking to her mentally unbalanced sister, Lady Cleone (Dorothy Holmes-Gore)

On right—

LAST SCENE OF ALL: The members of the house-party assemble in the drawing-room after the death of old Lady Jeune and discuss her demise. Left to right—Lady Cleone (Dorothy Holmes-Gore); General Tresmand, the straight-laced army officer (Gravely Edwards); Mrs. Dawe (Renée de Vaux); Mr. Roxborough (Stanley Lathbury); Lady Damaris (Mabel Terry-Lewis); Mr. Charlecote (Basil Bartlett); Princess Rosencrantz-Guildenstern, on sofa (Martita Hunt); Mrs. Murat-Blood (Mignon O'Doherty); Sir Lothar Smith (S. J. Warmington); and Miss Vulliamy (Fabia Drake)

Special "Sphere" pictures

DRAMA:

Who First Coined the Phrase, "I'm No Angel"?—Keith Winter's Latest Play Appeals to the "Stalls" — Clever Acting at the Savoy

By PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY

MARIE NEY as scarlet-robed Knowledge in the fifteenth-century Morality play, *Everyman*, which began its run at the Ambassadors Theatre last week. She gives a magnificent performance, chiefly remarkable for her clear enunciation of the moving lines

RELIGIOUS DRAMA: Two more pictures taken by a "Sphere" photographer on the first night of *Everyman*. *Above*—Richard Ainley (second from left) in the title-rôle. *Right*—Tilly Losch as the Angel

I DO not think that it is very clever to quote a line from one play to describe another, but I found one so apposite when, in Keith Winter's *Worse Things Happen at Sea* Frank Lawton pointedly stated, "Old friends usually become old bores!"

At the same time I wondered why I should find it reminiscent, for Mr. Keith Winter's ability to write brilliant dialogue is neither dependent upon the witticisms of others nor quotation from earlier writers.

It is of course true that it is almost impossible to write anything which has not been written before; for example inquire from 99 per cent. of the English-speaking races as to the originator of the comment, "I'm no angel!" You will be told Mae West. But—think back!

That phrase was coined and used as an apt self-description by a certain female character, created by one of the greatest English writers, who made, from 1874, her name the household, world-wide synonym for a designing minx.

No! But yes! And the first reader who remembers it, from the staple literary diet of youth, and supplies me (on a post-card to THE SPHERE) with the name of the original author and the unangelic young person will receive the vast sum of 10s. 6d.

"I PRAY THEE, JACK, I PRAY THEE, DO NOT DRAW": Bardolph (George Woodbridge), Falstaff's servant (Raymond Johnson), Doll Tearsheet (Vivienne Bennett), and Sir John Falstaff (George Merritt) in an episode in the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, in *Henry IV* (Part II)

But to revert, whether Frank Lawton's joke is original or not, it was exactly the phrase I was seeking for a description of *Love and Let Love* which proved a poor vehicle for a good cast when it was presented at Daly's. "Old friends can become old bores" and Stafford Dickens' plot for what the programme describes as a new, farcical comedy, is a very old friend.

Claire Luce has personality, striking appearance, and can "light up" the dullest scene; Peter Haddon can rock an audience with laughter, Martin Walker is a finished actor with telling gesture and experienced expression, but what chance had they?

The story of the dilatory bridegroom, and a honeymoon enjoyed by his aggrieved wife with somebody of more initiative, is much too innocent for the West End theatre of to-day.

Comedy at the St. James's.—Mr. Keith Winter, on the other hand, perhaps over-estimates the sophistication necessary in *Worse Things Happen at Sea!* which is certainly more like a farcical comedy than *Love and Let Love*.

It is again a country house party. Lucy Brett (Yvonne Arnaud) has adopted spiritually Ronald Vaughan (Frank Lawton), a young writer who has learned all the highbrow jargon of answers, and must obviously go to bed with the works of Aldous Huxley and the Oxford dictionary to practise conversation for the tea-table.

"SET ME THE CROWN UPON MY PILLOW HERE": The deathbed scene in Shakespeare's *Henry IV* (Part II) which is now being presented for a short run at the Old Vic. Abraham Sofaer (right) takes the part of the King, and Alan Webb that of the Prince of Wales

His fiancée, Laura (Ena Burrill), arrives for a week-end visit, and endeavours to knock the nonsense out of him, despite her hostess' requests that she will refrain from tampering with his wistful genius. Laura is of the earth, earthy; Lucy thinks, and she finds the girl's commercial mind, which sums up, disapprovingly, Ronald's projected trip to Italy as Lucy's guest, as well as his enjoyment of the comfortable quarters offered him in the country house, too, too detestable!

So war is declared. Laura and Lucy challenge each other in a dual of determination, mixed with the ethics of croquet, and Laura only shows more of her practical commonsense when she cheats firmly, and insistently, at that appalling game.

There is also the complication of Ellen Hope (Eileen Peel), typist to Lucy, who has been receiving certain tuition from Ronald with a view to broadening her mind, and loosening the inhibitions of former upbringing.

Ellen's gratitude, with so good-looking and verbose a tutor, gives her a feverish desire for the life Bohemian, of which she feels Ronald is the true symbol. She suggests free love and a flat in Chelsea, which, with his conversation and her coffee and sandwiches, she naïvely believes will soon form itself into a "saloon."

So she joins in Laura's and Lucy's fight for possession and control of the genius, whose flattered delight turns to despairing irritation.

At this stage of the play it seems clearly obvious that Mr. Keith Winter is determined that it shall be "different." Almost, one might say, he is being difficult. He has discarded every plausible opportunity which might unravel his tangling.

"What would happen now?" one imagines him saying to himself. "Everyone is at loggerheads, no one is winning the fight, but it has got to end somehow. Suppose we show them that the coveted prize is as insufferable as we've made it?"

Is Mr. Winter at moments poking fun at himself, as he shows Ronald's tiresome insistence upon his own preciousness and value to the art of literature? He himself does burnish and burnish the sparkling repartee of his characters.

Or has he greatly suffered from youth returned from university filled with undigested learning and a spate of uncreative ink?

He is certainly merciless to the would-be literary!

With Frank Lawton's brilliant assistance he flays youthful aspiration, and shows Laura and Lucy that Ronald is only a spoilt young donkey who had better be shown the door that he may discover the world.

He finds his climax by sending Lucy and Laura, with the discarded Ronald's ticket, on the trip to Italy together, while poor Ellen has only the prospect of the unemployment dole since art and literature are abandoned for ever.

Very good fun for the sophisticated! A certain "stalls" play, and the St. James's Theatre is, after all, a "stalls" theatre primarily.

I was told I should like Miss Ena Burrill, I did. Yvonne Arnaud is at her amusing best, and what a best that is! Frank Lawton made the most of his trying part and had, by means of sheer playwright's skill, a clever departure, which earns the complete sympathy his egoism in the play forfeits. Eileen Peel, very pretty, very competent, and obviously going a long way!

"The Aunt of England" requires little comment. The play opened at the Savoy theatre, and will, probably, eventually move to many more. I do not think that many playgoers will omit such

(Continued on p. 44)

GOOD COMPANIONS

for Travellers and Stay-at-Homes

The dressing gown below has a very slick and tailored air, and would be ideal for travelling since it is light and takes up practically no space. Made in heavy crêpe-de-chine, it is bordered and girdled with cherry-coloured silk cord; it has two pockets, and it costs 50s. at Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, W.

The second dressing gown is a rather more frivolous affair; it ties at one side and is made in coral crêpe with a fascinating velvet ruching round the collar and the wide sleeves. This costs 65s., and it also comes from Swan and Edgar, where it can be obtained in many other shades.

For the woman who likes tailored clothes—a dressing gown in navy crêpe edged with cherry coloured cords or in royal and navy. And for those who prefer softly flattering lines, a coral crêpe model trimmed with ruched velvet.

Cut on the slenderest possible lines, so that the dresses beneath which they are worn may lie as smoothly as a second skin, the slip and the knickers sketched above are made in pure silk crêpe-de-chine, edged with double net, and appliqued with satin flowers. They are bias cut, and are made in pastel colours. The matching nightdress has a slanting waistline and a tiny piping round the neck and armholes. This set comes from Robinson and Cleaver, of Regent Street, where the slip costs 39s. 6d., the knickers 33s. 9d., and the nightdress 49s. 6d.

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS:

Reviewed by Vernon Fane

Frank Swinnerton's Literary Cavalcade of the Present Reign: W. J. Makin Writes an Outstanding Travel Book: "Triple Challenge" — Another Autobiography of a Doctor

RUTH FEINER, a promising young German author, whose novel, *Cat Across the Path*, has recently been published by Messrs. Harrap and is reviewed on this page. She is well known as a song writer, but this is the first time she has tried her hand at fiction

JUBILEE year calls for the stock-taking of an epoch, and surely no writer is better equipped to review the literary cavalcade than Mr. Frank Swinnerton.

THE GEORGIAN LITERARY SCENE (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is of complete and absorbing interest to all in whose lives books are indispensable. Every writer of any importance comes under this review, and it is gratifying to find such writers as Edgar Wallace and P. G. Wodehouse weighed, estimated, and given their due of importance beside Wells, Shaw, Galsworthy, Bennett, etc.

The real charm of this book is in the deftness with which Mr. Swinnerton mixes his critical examination of each of his subjects' work with a personal character-sketch, and, in most cases, his own reminiscences. For he has known—and often intimately—most of the great writers of the time. His tastes, as you gather, are catholic: his manner urbane, but beneath the velvet of his style may be found an iron fist directed against the pomposities and pretentiousnesses of what is known as the Bloomsbury School.

For one reason and another few critics of standing have tried a bout with these self-satisfied highbrows on their own ground. It may not be a knock-out, but Mr. Swinnerton wins handsomely on points.

There seem to be as many possibilities of adventure in travel nowadays as ever there were, or perhaps it is because for the moment I am seeing through the eyes of Mr. William J. Makin, whose book, SWINGING THE EQUATOR (Jarrold. 18s.), I have just finished.

Mr. Makin has nothing of the fussy tourist about him. *Reise Fieber* must be unknown to him. In his journey down Italy and Africa to the Cape he accepted any kind of transport when and where it was offered, and proceeded tranquilly on his way. Sometimes it was not so tranquil as he could have wished it.

> "The only music that agitated our ears was the steady drone of the engines. If one of these failed, if the note suddenly became freakishly syncopated, then we would descend in the desert, and be in as desperate a plight as if we had dropped into the Atlantic. There is nothing more disturbing," adds Mr. Makin with composure, "than counterpoint in the music of engines."

All ends well, however, and the author is found at length in a Cape Town café, drinking tea with friends. "'Flying over Africa must be a bit dull,' says one. 'Just a little,' I conceded, and with that my swinging of the equator was dismissed."

Here is a book that is really good value. The author's photographs, particularly of Egyptian temples, are remarkable.

CAT ACROSS THE PATH (Harrap. 7s. 6d.) is an excellent translation from the German of an exceptional first novel by Fräulein Ruth Feiner.

It is unusual, for one reason because it has so few of the signs of an inexperienced writer about it, and for another because the author has a very strong sense of plot, and that is not at all common in this day and age.

Like her fellow countrywoman Vicki Baum, Fräulein Feiner is pre-occupied by the material aspects of life; the manner in which people live, their purely physical existences and the precise degrees of affection and dislike in their relationships. But this is a limitation that helps this kind of novel, making it compact and direct. For myself, I found the absence of speculation very restful.

Sometimes an interesting, credibly told story, free from psycho-analytic frills is the best entertainment in the world.

Mr. Richard Katz has called the account of his two years' wandering LOAFING ROUND THE GLOBE (Hutchinson. 18s.), but after reading it I could only sigh: "If this is loafing, give me the most strenuous exercise!"

In those two years Mr. Katz covered the Arabian desert, India fairly thoroughly, Java well enough to find out some very surprising things, Australia, the Fiji Islands, the South Seas, in what Americans, I believe, call "a big way," New Zealand, Japan, China, Cuba, and the United States from California to New York.

Mr. Katz may assert still that he did all this travelling in the most leisurely way, but it sounds rather an energetic programme to me. Certainly he writes vividly to make even Manhattan commonplaces exciting, and his racy, unorthodox descriptions of life in the Far East have the same insouciance as the travel diaries of Mr. Peter Fleming.

There is some excellent advice, too. How many people would profit by being told that "only leisurely travel is of any use"? Or speaking of long voyages, "above all things, be reserved."

It is our good fortune, however, that the author has not taken the last piece of advice in writing a particularly readable book.

Perhaps it was Dr. Axel Munthe, or perhaps it was Dr. Halliday Sutherland who started this vogue for doctors' autobiographies. Whoever it was, this seems for once a commendable vogue, if only for the excellence of its results.

TRIPLE CHALLENGE (Hutchinson. 18s.) is the autobiography of Dr. Hugh Wansey Bayly, a Harley Street medical man and an exceptionally progressive thinker. I suppose it is natural that there should be a naturalness and a humanity about the writing of a doctor; their lives are so occupied with essentials that their stories can hardly fail to be absorbing.

Dr. Wansey Bayly's book begins with 1914, when he volunteered for active service before war had been declared, in the certain knowledge that it was only a week distant, and knowing, even then, the need of medical men that there would be. The War, both with the Navy and in France, forms the subject for the first half of the book; peace, and the vigorous, almost crusading use he made of it, the second.

At short intervals Oxford has been given to producing representative statements of its outlook on contemporary problems. The latest example is GROWING OPINIONS (Methuen. 6s.) which has been edited by

(Continued on p. 34)

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The World of Books

(*Continued from p.* 32)

ADVENTURES BEHIND THE ENEMY'S LINES: J. L. Hardy, whose new novel, *Everything is Thunder*, was published a few days ago by the Bodley Head. He gives a graphic description of an English officer's escape from Germany during the Great War

Mr. Alan Campbell Johnson, and is a collection of essays by young men and women between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five.

What strikes one immediately is the sincerity, and the accuracy, with which they write. They are not railing blindly and confusedly against the blunders of their predecessors, but, by a process of analysis and experiment, trying to produce some constructive alternatives.

Another impression I had was of the immense political interest of the younger generation, for nearly all the articles are bound up, either implicitly or explicitly, with politics. As Mr. Frank Hardie, writing on Youth and Politics, says: "The scientific problems have in effect been solved; it is the social and political problems which still await solution. The potentialities of our present civilisation for good or for evil are almost too immense to contemplate. In such a period it is only natural to be politically-minded."

It would be invidious to distinguish any essay for particular mention in a collection of such high standard. Whatever the youth of to-day is, it is not inarticulate!

MR. GLENCANNON OF THE S.S. INCHCLIFFE CASTLE (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) is the slightly unwieldy title of a collection of very amusing short stories by Mr. Guy Kilpatric.

In fact I have only one quarrel with the author, who made me laugh a great deal, and that is the way he writes and spells Cockney slang. Why, when the sense of the story is so funny in itself, spoil it by what I can only call appallingly bad phonetic spelling? "'E slugged me syme as 'e threatened and barshed me without a hinkling of warning!" just does not convince me.

But that is a minor criticism of an extraordinarily diverting book. The story I preferred of them all was of the old negro in a tiny sailing boat who stopped the *Inchcliffe Castle* in mid-Atlantic and asked for "a hammer and fahve nails" and refused to be rescued or taken aboard.

He was "de Liberia-to-New York-Good-Will-Transatlantic-Experdition, dat's who Ah is!"

A Book List

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PORTUGAL OLD AND NEW

(*Continued from p.* 16)

Most of the smaller objects found amongst the ruins of these cities are now safely housed in the museum at Guimaraes. Amongst them is a large slab of granite roughly in the shape of a pentagon. For long its purpose was unexplained, but it was believed to be a sacrificial stone. In the middle of one side a semicircular recess has been carved out as if to leave room for the body of a sacrificing priest, and a number of grooves carved on its surface, apparently draining to a hole near the recess, were thought to be intended to carry away the blood of the victim. The remainder of the surface of the slab is covered with incised patterns reminiscent of those found on Celtic stones in the British Isles.

Until recently the purpose of the "Pedra Formosa" as the stone was called remained an intriguing mystery and then chance provided a solution and exploded all previous theories. A new motor road was being built round the lower slopes of the hill on which Citania stands and in the course of the work a chamber built of large slabs of stone with a pointed roof of stone slabs was unearthed. The facing slab of this chamber is clearly a later and more highly finished edition of the "Pedra Formosa." Since the whole chamber is excellently preserved and the stones stand in their original position it seems almost certain to have been a kiln or oven for the incineration of the dead, for the marks of fire are still very evident on the inner surfaces of the stones. The semicircular recess which in the "Pedra Formosa" was thought to be intended to take the body of the sacrificing priest is revealed as nothing more sinister than the furnace opening.

The carving on the two stones is very different, and the primitive ornamentation of the "Pedra Formosa" has given place to a regular and conventionalized pattern of excellent workmanship in which a sun sign or development of the swastika is prominent. Thus chance has provided the solution of a problem which had led to sinister practices being attributed to the inhabitants, for some experts had been convinced that the shape and carving on the "Pedra Formosa" indicated that it was used for human sacrifice.

There is an added point of interest in the fact that though the interior of the chamber is perfectly plain, the reverse face of the front slab has carved upon it near the top a small interlaced design of primitive type, presumably with some religious or ritual significance.

The golden age of these cities was probably between 500 and 300 years B.C., and they were deserted towards the end of the third century of our era when the Roman conquest and the establishment of the Pax Romana in the Peninsula had made the protection and refuge provided by such hill forts no longer necessary.

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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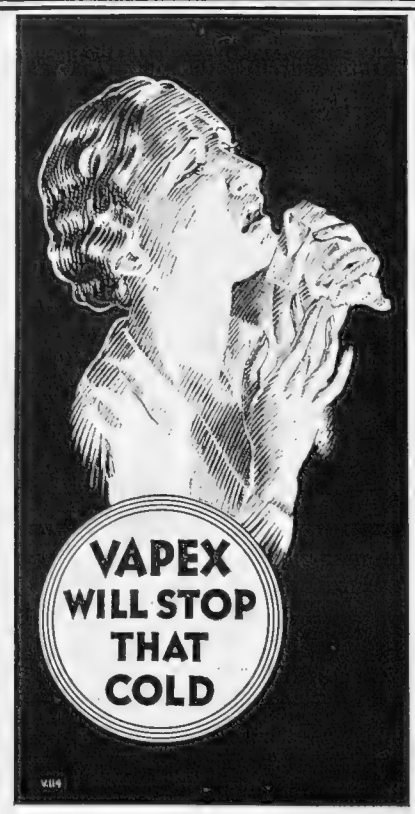

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EASTER AND EARLY SUMMER HOLIDAYS

Where to Go and What to See in ENGLAND AND WALES

TORQUAY AND SIDMOUTH

Two Delightful Devonian Resorts

If the presence of palm trees may be taken as a measure of good climate, then Torquay is fortunate indeed. Its public gardens are laid out in a manner altogether reminiscent of the Continent, and from early spring until late into the autumn a succession of brilliant blossoms fills their beds—brilliant enough and varied enough to excite the continual wonder of people who come from parts of England where the temperature is less kindly.

For Devon is indeed the English Riviera, and Torquay the queen of its resorts. Here is a town of admirable hotels and comfortable pensions (a wide enough range to satisfy every taste) built on the hills surrounding a picturesque harbour. As a health resort its importance is considerably enhanced by the existence of a Marine Spa establishment, which is very up to date in its equipment and which has been proved to be of immense value in the treatment of all rheumatic complaints.

A particularly attractive feature of the spa is the "Vita" glass sun lounge, where the best of the weather can be enjoyed at every time of year. There is also a large sea-water swimming bath, the water of which, in the words of the official statement, "is continually filtered, aerated, chlorinated, and heated by the most modern methods." The Corporation is to be congratulated on the thoroughness of the enterprise they have shown in this as in other fields, and Torquay certainly deserves its growing reputation as one of the most progressive resorts in Great Britain.

With regard to entertainment, the Pavilion always has a varied programme of symphony and popular concerts, and during the summer season there are daily military band concerts in the Princess Gardens and on the Babbacombe Downs. Another point which may be mentioned to allay the possible suspicion that too many distractions are not compatible with the ideals of a health resort, is that every week of the year there are first-class theatrical companies to be seen in the plays of the moment, and there are good variety programmes, too. Further, the Spa ballroom is big enough to take 350 dancers, and they have tea and evening dances there every week. And in addition, of course, the principal hotels have also their own ballrooms, so that a dull evening in Torquay is virtually an impossibility.

That days of dullness are impossible too goes without saying, at least to anyone who knows Devon. Even the fastest express that bears you westward cannot make you miss the great clusters of primroses with which the railway embankments are covered at this time of year. You come to Exeter. Then there are the red cliffs, and the sea, almost Mediterranean in its brilliance, by the side of which the last part of the journey takes you. Newton Abbot. Now you are in the heart of Devon. Its green hills are all about you, imparting that sense of strength and firmness and security which is the peculiar glory and inimitable charm of the English scene.

SUNSET IN THE GOLDEN WEST: An evening scene in Torquay harbour

If you are fond of the country—and who is not, at any rate, for some part of the year — there is much to be enjoyed in the neighbourhood of Torquay. Little villages like Cockington, perfectly preserved from an earlier world than ours of to-day, are the characteristic reward of a walk through the high-banked Devon lanes. Farther afield (and Torquay is an ideal motoring centre) there are places of equal loveliness, equal antiquity, and the same serenity. Who, for instance, has ever seen the River Dart, gleaming amidst its soft, enfolding hills, without feeling that here is a kind of beauty which no other country can surpass? And in the same way Dartmoor itself stirs your imagination from the very first moment you catch sight of it as a dim shadow against the skyline.

But whatever there may be to see inland, the coast itself remains one of the chief attractions. It is indented with tiny bays and beaches, each one a jewel in itself, each one with an individual charm that establishes it immediately in your affection. Anstey's Cove . . . Babbacombe . . . Oddicombe . . . What splendid walks these suggest! Just now, with the spring flowers and the trees coming into leaf, there can be few places in the world that are fairer than the Devon coast. And how incomparable it is for bathing in the summer!

Of recent years, and largely on account of the favour it has found with the Duke of Connaught, Sidmouth has been coming into increasing prominence. It is definitely fashionable, but has got, at the same time, a charming, unsophisticated air about it, emphasized by the thatched and gabled houses at the west end of the town, and it is a very pleasant place for a quiet holiday. The bathing is good, and Sidmouth also enjoys what seems to many people the inestimable advantage of being situated near Ladram Bay, where the great red cliffs come down to a little shingle beach, once well-known to smugglers.

At either side of it are two enormous sandstone pillars, rising out of the sea, and the gulls continually circle round and round them like guardians of the bay. It is so small that sailing past it at a little distance in a fishing boat (and there are many worse ways of spending a summer day, when there is a light breeze blowing), you might miss it altogether, but once you have discovered its existence you will always remember where to look for it again.

The view from Peak Hill is well worth the climb from Sidmouth, and here the red cliffs are at their very reddest. Explore the country round about at your leisure, and you will soon begin to wish that you could settle permanently in one of these quiet, sunny places, where the speech and movement of the people are still so refreshingly slow.

It is as idle, though, to go on singing Devon's praises to those who know it already, as to those who do not. The former need to be told nothing; the latter can only be told—"Go and see for yourselves." And one may be certain that they will not come away disappointed.

A PLACE IN THE SUN: The gardens at Torquay where sub-tropical plants flourish throughout the year

THE CHARM OF SOUTH DEVON: Sidmouth and its neighbouring bays—a favourite resort of the Duke of Connaught

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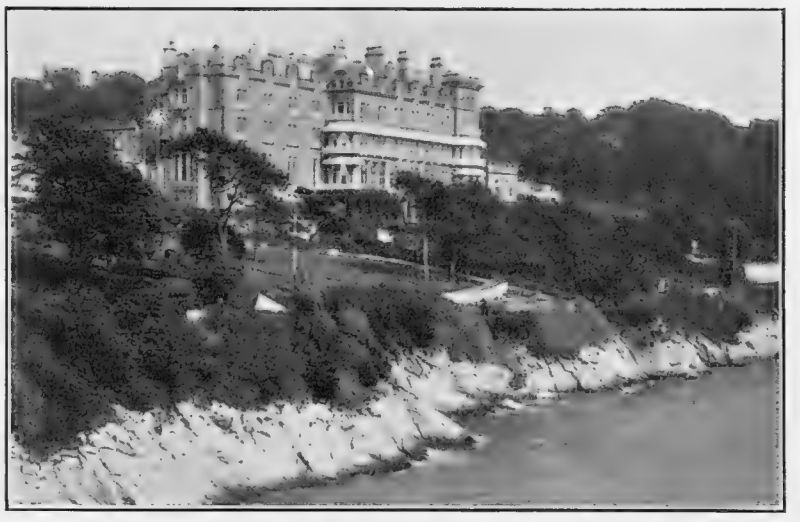

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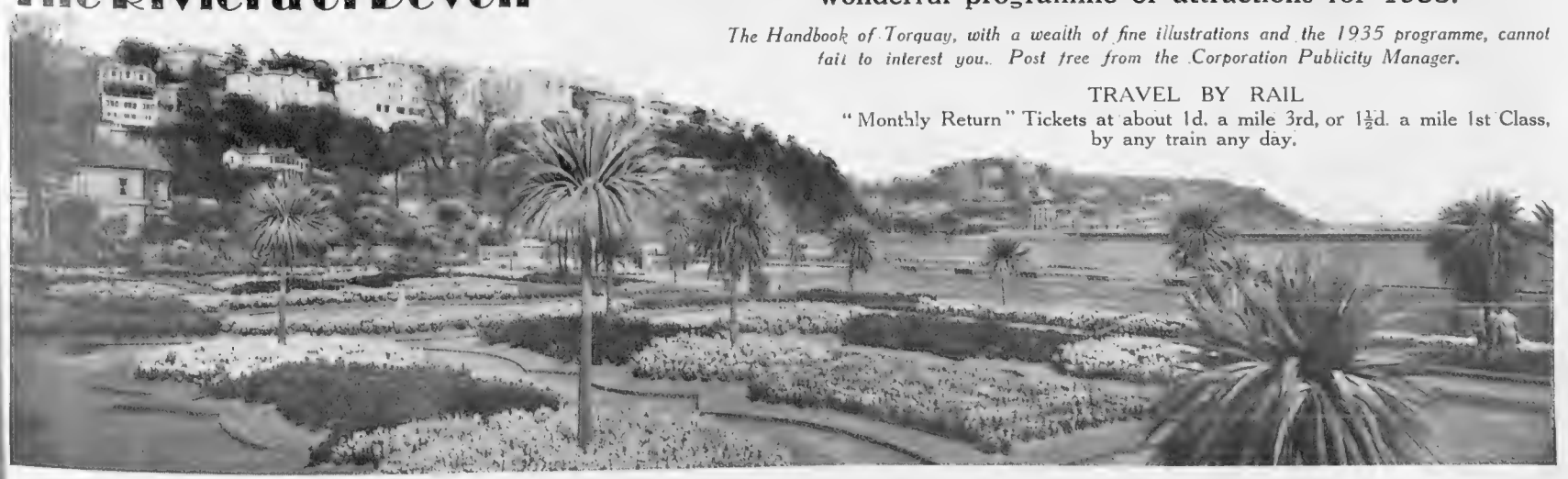
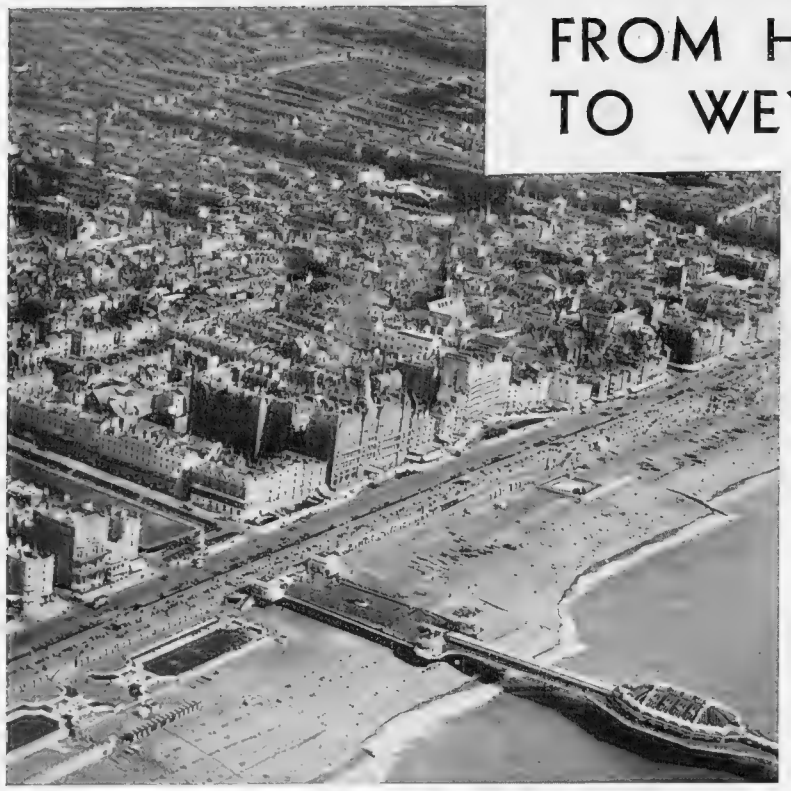


FROM HASTINGS TO WEYMOUTH



METROPOLIS BY THE SEA: A striking aerial view of Brighton, showing the West Pier and the spacious children's boating pool

AN OLD-WORLD CORNER OF HASTINGS—one of the most modern of seaside towns, which yet retains much of its medieval charm

Ideal Holiday Centres in Sussex, Dorset, and Hampshire

THE Sussex Coast was getting nearer and nearer to London until the speed limit came in—and even now it is not so very far away. But far enough to make a vital difference in the air you breathe, which is as efficacious a tonic, if you happen to be feeling slightly run down, as you could wish to find anywhere.

People have been going to Brighton, of course, for a good deal more than a hundred years, and not without reason, for it is one of the most lively and bracing of English resorts, and moves, not merely with the times, but just a little ahead of them. One cannot help feeling surprised that with the many municipal improvements of the last few years the place should still retain so much of the charm of its original Regency architecture. But this is really only as it should be, for Brighton has a character of its own and a situation which puts it beyond the changing whims of fashion.

THE WEST PARADE AT BEXHILL—a watering place famed for its bracing air and the beauties of the neighbouring countryside

Hastings and St. Leonards are two more good places near to London. It would perhaps be an exaggeration to say that Hastings has accommodated a continuous stream of distinguished visitors ever since its first one arrived in 1066, but people who go there once certainly tend to go back again, and the extraordinary success of its musical festivals in the early spring (this year's was outstanding) bears witness to the spirit of enterprise which prevails there. The list of municipal works which have been put in hand since the War makes impressive reading, and one of the most striking of them is the double-deck promenade, which offers you the choice of getting either the full sea breeze on the top deck, or the benefit of the sun alone in the sheltered alcoves of the lower deck.

Weymouth, on the Dorset coast, is of course farther away, but only 130 miles from London by road—and a very pleasant drive it is down there. There are good rail services, too, and the best trains make the journey in roughly three hours. Weymouth, like Brighton, has its royal associations, for it was the favourite watering-place of George III. Many of its buildings date from this period of royal patronage, and add a note of individual gracefulness to the beautiful bay in which it is situated. It has admirable sands and is good for bathing. It is a noted base for yatchtsmen, and the annual regatta there, which usually follows that of Cowes, is an event of considerable importance in the sailing world. At the same time, for those who prefer just to have the sea to look at, there could be no better place from which to explore the possibilities of the Dorset countryside—Maiden Castle, Portland Bill, Lulworth Cove, Corfe Castle, and Cerne Abbas are all within easy reach, and all are well worth seeing.

VIEWED FROM THE CLOUDS: St. Leonards, another popular resort between Dungeness and Beachy Head, which is easily accessible from London

In the south of England, and especially during the spring and early summer, there is nowhere more beautiful than the New Forest. This is one of the few remaining wooded areas whose history slips back quietly and uneventfully over a thousand years, and seems to be gifted with a kind of enchanted peace. On the site of the present village church at Brockenhurst a church already stood when Domesday was compiled, while the church at Boldre, six miles away, has admirable specimens of every phase of architecture between 1080 and 1370. Brockenhurst itself is a good centre for walks and expeditions to all parts of the forest, and it also enjoys the advantage of possessing an eighteen-hole golf course.

WEYMOUTH: The town which George III. made fashionable in 1789, when he paid it the first of a series of visits

THE ROAD TO THE WOODS: A scene at Brockenhurst, Hants—a picturesque village in the heart of the New Forest

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"QUI SI SANA": A general view of Harrogate, Yorkshire's world-famous health resort

SPAS and BEAUTY SPOTS

The idea that a "Spa" could only be really good if it were situated on the Continent was never seriously believed in by anybody but the people who wanted to find an excuse for going abroad. But in its time it had a certain currency, and was further supported by the fact—sad but undeniable—that English hoteliers did not always show quite so marked a sense of responsibility for the comfort of their guests as was to be found in the health resorts of other countries. That is over now, however, and since the English have started re-discovering their own land, they have found themselves being given some very agreeable surprises.

Harrogate, for instance, which the southerner may once have been inclined to dismiss from mind as a bleak place of exile in the middle of the Yorkshire moors (although actually, of course, it was never that) has now found a very high place in the general esteem, and ranks as one of the finest and most up-to-date health resorts in Europe. As "the Mecca of the ailing and the playground of the robust," it has definitely qualified as a "Spa of the first magnitude." If this assertion appears to have an unconvincing ring of novelty about it, it may be said at once that Harrogate's mineral water springs (of which there are eighty-eight different kinds) are computed, geologically, to be at least 10,000 years old and their efficacy is universally admitted by the medical profession, while the Royal Baths are magnificently equipped.

Harrogate is a fine town, well planned and laid out, and recent improvements have been devoted to ensuring that visitors shall secure the maximum of benefit from the sunshine and the wonderfully clear, stimulating Yorkshire air. There are some excellent hotels, and good shops. Outdoor concerts are given during the summer, and there are also orchestral concerts to be heard in the Royal Hall. There are two theatres and a number of cinemas. There are tennis courts, there are three eighteen-hole golf courses within easy reach. There are—but, surely, sufficient has already been said to establish that Harrogate is a place where you can spend a very pleasant holiday irrespective of whether your health when you start is good, bad, or indifferent.

For motorists, of course, it is admirably situated, for the Yorkshire moors offer some of the finest scenery that is to be found anywhere in England. During almost every drive you will come upon views that will startle you with their expansiveness, while the towns and villages you pass through, with their great houses such as Harewood, and tidy, picturesque streets, reveal an aspect of England that has changed curiously little since the eighteenth century. At Bolton Abbey, up the charming valley of the Wharfe, there is one of the noblest Gothic ruins we possess, and the curve of the river on which it is situated, with steep, wooded hills on either side, provides a setting which, in fine weather, is one of unforgettable beauty.

Llandrindod Wells, not being situated in a direct line midway between two capitals, like Harrogate, carries its charms with a slightly less cosmopolitan air. But the Welsh have known about its saline and sulphur springs since the middle of the eighteenth century, and the English since the end of the nineteenth. Now it offers all the facilities that are to be expected of an up-to-date resort, and the cure is very highly to be recommended as well, especially for sufferers from rheumatism or any form of nervous exhaustion.

There is a strange fascination about one's first contact with Wales and the Welsh border. It is easily enough accessible by train: Church Stretton, for instance, a noted beauty spot, is only 12½ miles from Shrewsbury. But this is a part of the world to which the descriptive adjective "remote" can still be genuinely applied. Country walks are improved by the fact that there are more horsemen than motorists among the soft-spoken, farming population of the West.

"FAR IN A WESTERN BROOKLAND": A delightful scene near Llandrindod Wells—a Welsh spa that is becoming increasingly popular

And what splendid walks there are! Llandrindod Wells itself is ideally situated, being on a plateau some 700 ft. above sea level (it lies on the western slope of Radnor Forest) and protected from the north-easterly winds by higher hills. It is dry and bracing, never oppressive, even in midsummer, and a point that deserves to be more widely known about it is that during April, May and June, exceptionally fine weather is generally enjoyed—just the months when these fields and woods and glowing moorlands are looking their best. Another important advantage that Llandrindod Wells enjoys is the excellent trout and salmon fishing to be had in the vicinity, and this, together with its facilities for golf (there are two eighteen-hole courses), its tennis courts and its particularly good bowling greens, adds even further to the strength of its claims as a first-class holiday centre.

ON THE WELSH BORDER: A glimpse of Church Stretton showing its glorious situation amid the Shropshire hills

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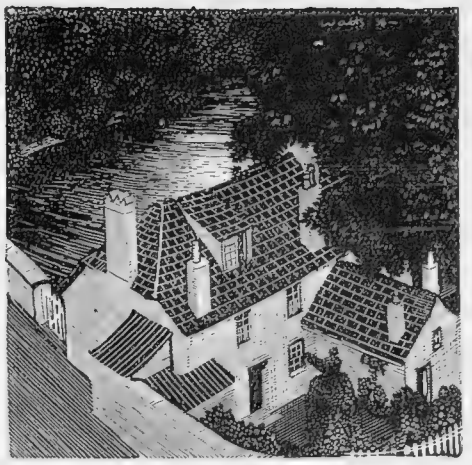

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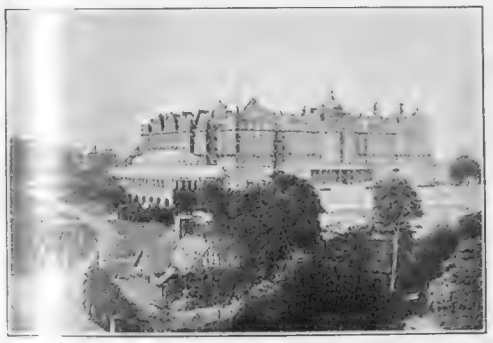

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The same thing happens every spring. The very first fine day produces an urge to "go away"—to "get a change of air"—which is disconcertingly strong. But England's green and pleasant land stretches out before us with such a wide variety of choice that some of the best weather of the year may be over before we have eventually made up our minds. It is difficult enough to know oneself what to do, let alone advise other people what they would best enjoy doing. Shall it be north, towards the moorlands and the grey cathedral cities? Shall it be south, where the soil is rich and well tilled, and the summer days are hottest? Or west, to a land of cosy farms and splendid orchards? Or east, to the fen country, with its bulb fields and windmills that are so reminiscent of Holland, and the fine invigorating breezes from the North Sea?

IN SUNNY DEVON: A view of the beach at Teignmouth, showing the Ness Rock in the distance

The good air of the Norfolk coast is well enough known to need no special praise. More and more people find health and recreation there every year, and places which not so very long ago were inconspicuous fishing villages are discovering that suddenly (or relatively suddenly, for the discriminating few already knew them but didn't talk about it) they have blossomed out into resorts. Overstrand is such a place; a little group of houses, an hotel or two, perched on the cliff side between sea and gorse-covered hills. It is near enough to Cromer to be convenient for those who want occasional diversion from the rustic life, and its splendid sands and the safe bathing make it an admirable holiday place for children. The climate is dry and sunny—and it is a justifiable source of local pride that mimosa is known to bloom there in March! It may also be mentioned that a large part of the parish is occupied by the Royal Cromer Golf Links, a club which readily extends its facilities to visitors!

Right on the other side of England, on the North Devon coast, there is another place whose glorious sands and excellent opportunities for golf (there are two first-class courses) are likely to achieve great popularity for it before very long. Saunton Sands is really a complete newcomer to the list of British resorts, and the fact of its being situated on one of the most attractive stretches of coast-line in the country — between Ilfracombe and Clovelly, is greatly in its favour. The sands merge into Braunton Burrows, as strange and fascinating a place as is to be found anywhere in these islands, where range upon range of dunes and grass-grown dykes serve as a natural sanctuary for innumerable species of wild fowl.

A BLENDING OF ROMANESQUE STRENGTH AND GOTHIC ELEGANCE: Exeter Cathedral which, with its perfect bilateral symmetry and grand unbroken line of vaulting, is one of England's finest examples of early ecclesiastical architecture. It was begun in the first half of the twelfth century

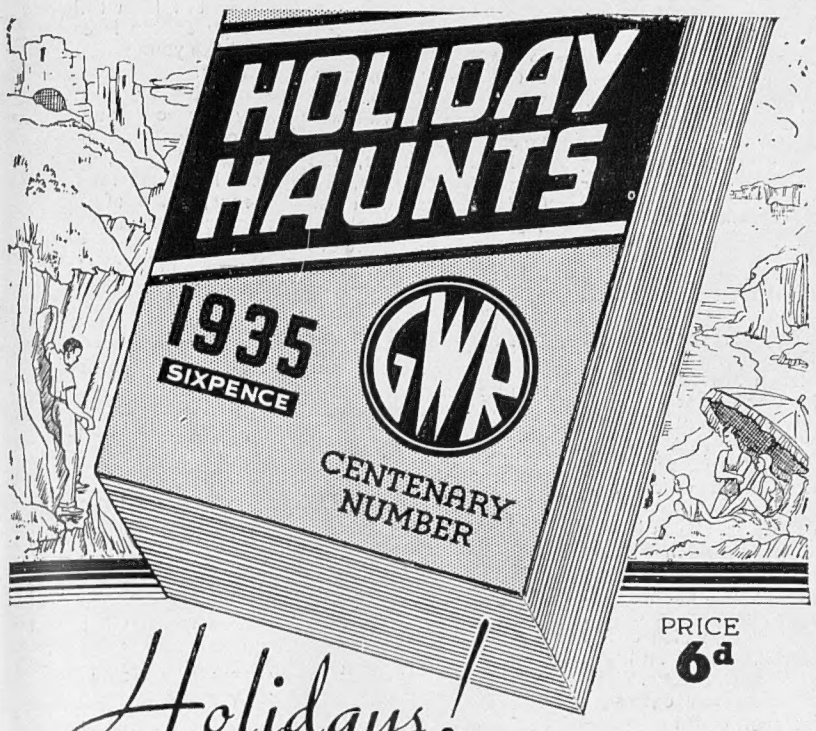
Overstrand, Saunton Sands, Exeter, and Teignmouth

Exeter is the county town of Devon, and it is a place so eloquent of the history and spirit of the West Country that no one who has the opportunity should miss going there. Its High Street follows the line of the old fossway; the cathedral, built on the site of an even earlier church, was founded 800 years ago, and among its many beautiful features the vaulted roof, which extends in an unbroken stretch for 300 ft., is one of the most striking; the Guildhall is among the finest specimens of Elizabethan architecture still in existence, while in every corner of the town are to be found traces, some partially obscured, some as unspoilt as if we were still moving in the medieval world to which they belong, of Exeter's past greatness. There are certain towns—Chester and Winchester are two which immediately come to mind—that simply demand to be "explored," that make one want to go searching into every courtyard, up every winding street, in search of the picturesque. Exeter is one of these, and the rewards it offers to lovers of antiquity are very considerable.

From Exeter it is no great distance to Teignmouth, which is rightly described as the first of the real west country ports, and which still possesses a charming, old-world harbour. But in addition to that it is a very popular holiday resort, with a fine sandy beach for bathing and an imposing seafront, the Den. It is enterprising in the matter of sports facilities, and can offer bowls, tennis, sea-fishing, and golf — for which latter there are spring and autumn championships. One of the most recent improvements to be decided upon is a new swimming pool, and this innovation will no doubt serve as an additional attraction.

WHERE MIMOSA BLOOMS IN MARCH

Overstrand—a delightful fishing village on the Norfolk coast



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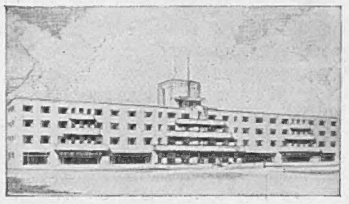
Telegrams: "Saunton Hotel."
Proprietors: Saunton Hotel Co., Ltd.



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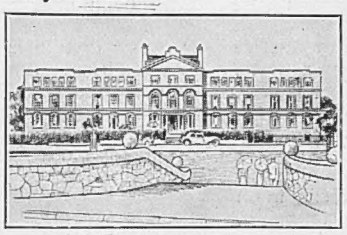

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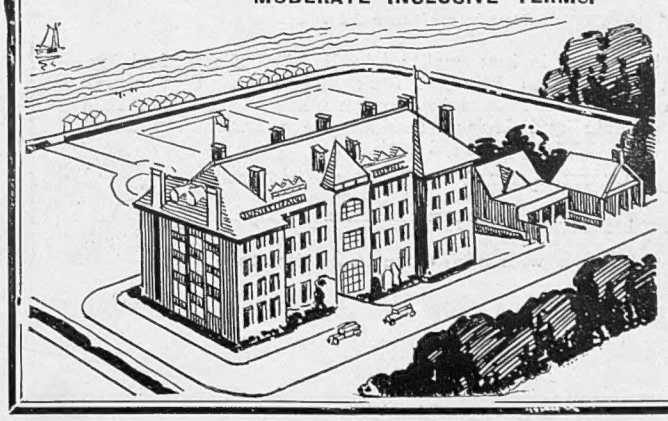

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TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND

(Continued from p. 6)

For-President" club has actually been formed in the proud and aristocratic State of Kentucky, immemorially proud of its blue grass, its whisky, its horses, and its women, where "colonels" were wont to wear "Prince Alberts" at nine o'clock in the morning while sipping mint juleps on the vine-clad verandas of snobbish hostelries.

As if he could not offend enough Long is going about Washington with a bodyguard of three men armed with sub-machine guns. Despite the limited numbers it is perhaps the most impressive, and the most distressing, parade in American history. And yet there are plenty of people ready to vote for Long for President.

To a very considerable extent the big business men, who have suddenly become the hope of the country, must shoulder the blame. As radical as Roosevelt's programme is, it is "blue-stockinged" as compared with the proposals that too many Americans are prepared to indorse.

If, two years ago, American big-business had been sufficiently clear-headed to perceive that drastic changes were necessary, even though some of them might be but temporary, and had co-operated to make the operation as painless as possible, the present menace to American sanity would not exist.

Nelson Springer

THE DICTATORSHIP OF GENERAL CARMONA

(Continued from p. 16)

> the maintenance of existing wage rates and conditions. But since the Nation is a moral, political, and economic unit, in which all the elements of the processes of production are bound together and economic justice is observed in the production and distribution of wealth, it is evident that in economic crises losses must be borne in equitable proportion by all the factors of productive power, and that conversely in times of prosperity, profits must be shared, according to social justice, between all the agents of economic activity."

This statement would seem to be worthy of publicity far beyond the boundaries of Portugal!

Portugal's dictatorship is now seven years old, and the economic Corporative State, if not complete, is on firm foundations. It is a generally popular dictatorship, and it has kept the country free of Spain's revolutionary infections. Its economic achievements have been truly remarkable, and should provide food for thought for those who regard all dictatorships as wholly evil. In six successive years Portugal's budget has shown a useful surplus, her external obligations such as interest on loans have been met regularly, the escudo has remained stable, the floating debt has been wiped out, and an £8,000,000 conversion operation successfully carried out. The country has shown a remarkable resistance to world depression, large schemes of public works have been instituted, roads being improved all over the country, and only 28,000 of her 6,340,000 people are unemployed.

THE COST OF A BALL IN THE LONDON SEASON

(Cont. from p. 18)

learns with relief, is never supplied at a private dance. As to cigarettes, she can have a special dance size brand which will just last out an interval for 5s. 6d. a 100. She is advised to have 600.

Matters having been pleasantly arranged so far, Lady X wants to know what kind of a menu she gets for her 12s. 6d. She is then shown one which starts with iced melon and proceeds by way of hot and cold soup and lobster au naturel, hot river trout and cold salmon trout, hot poussin and cold chicken à la néva, terrine of duck and mousse of ham, asparagus, strawberries and cream and compot of fresh peaches, to cream ices and coffee.

Finally, having been sold on the idea, she is shown the analyses of the two types of dance which she can have. One is with a house rented for 80 guineas, which works out at 4s. a head; a supper at 12s. 6d. a head; twelve dozen bottles of champagne at 126s. a dozen, which comes to 4s. a head; a £60 band, which comes to 3s. a head; and £20 worth of flowers at 1s. a head, which comes to £1 4s. 6d. per head for 400 guests. The other type is a house at 65 guineas, which comes to 3s. 6d. a head; a 10s. 6d. supper; eight dozen of champagne, which is 2s. 6d. a head; a £40 band, which is another 2s. a head; and £10 worth of flowers, which works out at 6d. a head; making a grand total of 19s.

If, of course, Lady X feels like making a splash, she can have a Czigane orchestra to alternate with the other band after midnight for an extra 20 guineas. She also learns that private detectives are not necessary, or rather that their researches would probably be too compromising. And as a final fillip to her conscience, she discovers that if she wants to add a touch of old-world atmosphere to her doorstep, she can have link men thrown in for nothing. So once again another raw débutante is launched on the storm-tossed sea of a London Season.

DRAMA

(Continued from p. 29)

an evening of pleasure as Haidee Wright and an excellently supporting cast are offering.

It is possible to find flaws in anything by microscopic analysing, but when there is work of such perfection why do so?

The first and second acts are so good that the standard of the third cannot help but be a little weak in comparison. Besides, a happy ending is essential. We would be very dissatisfied if the young lovers could not be happy together eventually. The manner in which it is arranged that they should be so, after the difficulties with which they were confronted, may be easy to criticise but difficult to do better.

Haidee Wright, the Dowager Duchess, naturally dominates the play, as she does her stage family, and (it is implied) with her influence, much of the mid-Victorian England she makes us see before us.

She seems hardly ever off the stage. It is a terrific part, and she plays it terrifically—magnificently!

"Delusion," a "drama" by Martin Brown, which opened at the Comedy Theatre, I found, to my mind, aptly named. It is delusion, in more ways than one, for players, management, and audience.

To begin with, the story which shows stormy temperament, devotion to art, the sacrifice and rigid training in those who give their lives to the service of the ballet, is clearly based upon a certain real life story.

And for that reason the play fails, for it cannot show the real life story.

If the inner theme is, as in this case and as it must be, eliminated from the ostensible plot, the story cannot be expected to ring true, nor be convincing enough to warrant its production in play form.

Ernest Milton, as Ivan Tsarakov, the crippled driving force of the ballet, ran fiercely through his repertoire of passionate moods, but failed, naturally enough, to make his devotion seem reasonable.

Feodor Ivanov (William Fox) looked the part of the boy training to become the greatest dancer in the world but was obliged to keep such mentality as the play could leave him, to himself. Alanova, as Dora, proved that she can act as well as dance.

But it is a pity that this play which shows us the hard life of the ballet "behind the scenes" in a series of impressions which are more than interesting, should have been woven round so unsuitable a theme.

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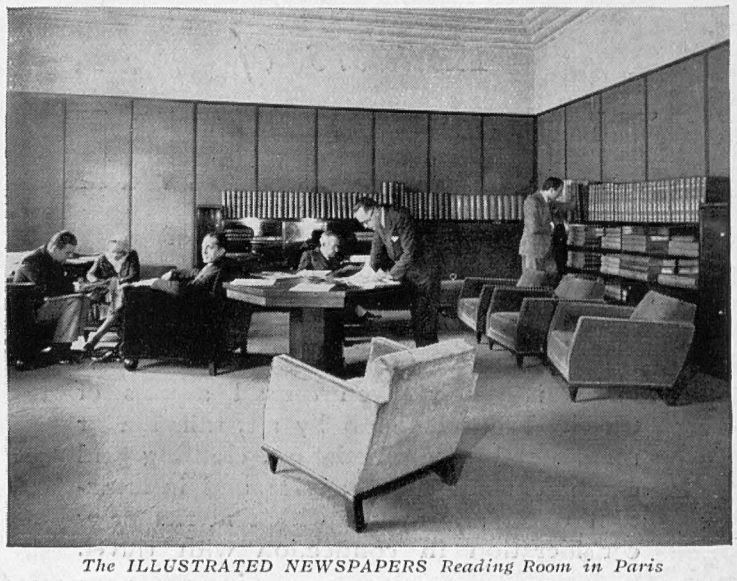

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This Extra Number will be apart from the usual issues of this paper, and will, therefore, require a special order. It will rank with the famous Record Numbers published by "The Illustrated London News" in the past. It will be bound in a most attractive Special Cover, and it will contain Numerous Pages in Full Colours and Gold and Hundreds of Illustrations in Photogravure; with Articles by Famous Writers and Experts.

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MAY 4 ISSUE (TWO SHILLINGS)

This Number, which will be superb from cover to cover, with a quantity of colour, will deal with their Majesties in person, showing what their beneficent reign has done for the Nation. The issue of May 4 will deal chiefly with the personalities of our Great King and Queen. It will not be in a sense a history of the twenty-five years' reign, but will show how much the Royal House means to the loyal subjects of the Crown.

In addition, all the preliminaries of the Jubilee Celebrations will be dealt with *in-extenso*. The chief participants, the preparations and the staging of the great events will be illustrated in colour and in monochrome, so that the Number will form an admirable guide to the pomp and splendour of the following week.

MAY 11 ISSUE (TWO SHILLINGS) COVERING ACTUAL CEREMONIES

The issue will contain all the best illustrations of the actual ceremonies dealing with the Silver Jubilee, in such a way that even those who are unable to witness them will be almost able to feel that they were present in person.

The processional ride of their Majesties and the ceremony in St. Paul's will be presented in a specially spacious way.

Everything of interest dealing with the actual events of the most eventful days will be covered most strikingly so that the Number will be a permanent record of the rejoicings and thanksgivings for the reign of the King and Queen.

This will not be in any way a retrospective number; it will be of an entirely topical character and will be one that everyone who rejoices with us in the fortunate completion of their Majesties' twenty-five years of unremitting efforts for the good of their Country, must procure and keep as a memento of the great occasion.

THE SPHERE MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The issue of "The SPHERE" for May 4th (the Saturday preceding the actual day of celebration, Monday, May 6), will take the form of a record of the King's reign from May 6, 1910 (the day of his accession) to the present day.

The chief feature of this issue will be a personal narrative from the very able pen of one who has shared in many of the great incidents of the reign. It will appear under the title of "Twenty-five Years a King" and will be copiously illustrated from all available sources. Many of the events have been pictured by Mr. F. Matania, R.I., "The SPHERE'S" leading black and white artist. and a study of the wealth of material which the Editor is preparing reveals the fact that this record should prove a veritable cavalcade of pictorial splendour.

Many of the outstanding events will be pictured in full colours. Portrait painters of note will contribute studies of the King and Queen with scenes in the Royal residences. A special separate plate-portrait of His Majesty will be included.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

Every preparation is being made to make "The SPHERE" of May 11 a splendid, almost a living picture of the events in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the King's reign.

This issue will form a record of the actual ceremonies, Royal and Civic, with which the wonder week of May will be marked. The foremost black and white artist of the day, Mr. F. MATANIA, R.I., will picture a number of the main incidents, and will be supported by a band of distinguished artists specially selected and commissioned for this issue.

All the pictures will have actuality quality which have distinguished "THE SPHERE" in past years, and which will undoubtedly give this issue its special value as an historic document.

Special subjects will be reproduced in colour and the whole will be bound within a cover of exceptional artistry, designed by Millar Watt. It will convey in decorative form the sense of timeliness which lies within and will be a worthy addition to the family treasures.

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC MAY 3 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The Special Royal Jubilee Number of "The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News" will contain a complete pictorial and literary record of His Majesty's life as a sportsman. His career and achievements as a shot, yachtsman, race-horse owner, dog-breeder and farmer will be dealt with in detail by recognised authorities.

Lieut.-Col. Cyril Foley will describe His Majesty's brilliant career as one of the best shots in the world.

Major B. Heckstall Smith, recognised as a world-wide authority on yachting, writes with first-hand knowledge of the King's many successes with "Britannia," aboard which Major Heckstall Smith has sailed on many occasions.

The royal stables and bloodstock will be described by Mr. Cecil Leveson-Gower.

His Majesty's gundogs will be specially illustrated and described by our Kennel Editor, Mr. A. Croxton Smith. A special set of photographs, for which royal permission was obtained, will be given.

In addition a handsome coloured plate of His Majesty's well-known Clumber Spaniel, "Sandringham Spark," will be presented with this issue.

This will be the first of a series of FAMOUS DOGS which will be given away in subsequent numbers.

The issue will also contain a number of beautiful coloured plates, some hitherto unpublished, showing the King shooting, yachting and racing.

It is confidently predicted that this issue will constitute the most complete and beautifully illustrated record of His Majesty's career as a sportsman yet published.

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